聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

11

あわむら赤光
ill.：refeia

聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

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聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

11

The Swordbringer comes back.

「きっとあなたは責任をとってくれるでしょう？」
ミラ
アメリカ支部副支部長。
諸葉に色仕掛けを……？
諸葉、オトナの色気に陥落!?
官能に迫るアメリカ支部の誘惑。

「ロンドンで泊まる」
寒さも吹き飛ぶスキンシップ！
NYの旅はソフィア先輩と密着♥

「手伝ッテ。」
お願いだヨ、モロハ君」
「やります」
想いを束ねし必中の超撃！
ランクS同士が心を重ねる――
アーリン・ハイバリー
アメリカ支部長の19歳。
現世最高の天才発明家。

Prologue

Let’s go home
Let’s go home with everyone
It was winter when that girl was still fifteen years old.
The girl kept yelling to the limits of her voice at the front door of the American Division New York Headquarters.
– I can’t believe it! Why are you doing this!?
A strong reproach.
She continued hitting the man in front of her.
The back that never turned around and that wore a suit stylishly.
He stood up straight resolutely, displayed assertiveness and moved out of the room.
His name was Francesc.
The strongest *Kuroma* in the division, a supporter of the girl, one of her masters as a □Savior□, her first love and unrequited love.
– I want you to answer me, Cesc!
The girl faced his back and kept yelling fervently.
She continued appealing to him to make him turn around.
When they first met, his back, which protected and covered for her, looked so reliable to the girl’s eyes.
Now it was terribly far from it.
As it was expected, Francesc replied.
– Sir Edward… he is that well-known White Knight, no? He begged me many times.
However, and as it was expected too, he didn’t look back and replied in a voice that concealed his emotions.
– Cesc’s power is also necessary for the American Division!
– That’s not true.
Francesc denied the girl’s desperate demand in a soft but clear tone of voice.
– As long as the boss is here, □Dark Saviors□ aren’t really needed for this Division. All you need are knights to protect the boss. Both Nazuri and Zagna have become stronger, and the ones behind them are growing too. Above all, there’s Lei too. Even if I’m not here, the American Division will still be rock solid. You also know that, don’t you? It makes me happy that your feelings are trying to stop me. But this lie only hurts my pride.

– I don’t get it! Cesc’s words are sometimes complicated, I don’t understand them!
– Then, I shall say it in a simple way. What I think is that—I feel blessed to have been born male. Now let me go.
Francesc said so, his back still turned on her.
He didn’t show a loveable handsome face or a manly-tightened facial expression.
The girl felt like she had a hole in her chest.
That hole was growing bigger and bigger even now, tormented by emptiness.
To express it in different words: it was as if the ground at her feet collapsed and she no longer felt like she was standing.
The girl disheveled her hair and grabbed the clothes of the woman standing next to her.
– I want Lei to say something too!
She grabbed the hem of Mellein’s clothes who was with her arms folded, in an imposing stance and who silently tried to see him off.
Nobody else was there. A comrade who had the whim to do something like sending off a “traitor”.
Now, the only one she could rely on was Mellein.
Only she who was in a passionate love with Francesc.
The girl clung to her and begged while burying her face in Mellein’s sturdy body.
– I have nothing to say.
However, the words she expected didn’t come out of Mellein’s mouth.
Astonished, the girl raised her face.
– Remember the words of the boss. “Accept those who come to you and don’t chase the ones who leave. That is the spirit of the □Saviors□ who protect freedom in the country of freedom”.
Mellein said as if declaring while having her arms folded and being in the same imposing stance.
Francesc nodded many times, his back turned on them.
– Are you okay with it, Lei!? He is your lover, and yet, you will let him go!?
– I’m not in love with a weak person who feels blessed to be in his position and won’t do something like dying together with me, his lover.
– What you’re saying is so difficult, I do not understand it, even if it is Lei!
The girl cried as if throwing a tantrum.
However, without paying attention to her, the adults,
– Bye bye, Cesc. I love you.
– Thank you, Lei. I love you too.
They said goodbye to each other in words that only adults could understand.
Then, Francesc left.
All the love that warmed every nook and cranny of the girl’s big breasts was spilled from the huge hole.
A perfect broken heart that she experienced for the first time in her life.

The girl separated herself from Mellein.
She let go of her hand too.
She stood firmly on her feet and kept staring at the traces of the disappearing magician.
– I will never betray the American Division…. Never….
Like her voice, her determination was solid.
But fate worked in strange ways.
Six months later, the girl was ordered to study abroad at Akane Academy in Japan.
Of course, she insisted with a NO, but the boss' orders were absolute.
She traveled reluctantly, without even hiding it.
And three years passed again.
The girl—Sophia Mertesacker, was about to graduate from Akane Academy.
She hadn't forgotten that day's oath.
Her determination hadn't faded at all.
But….
Would she go back to America?
Would she stay in Japan?
Sophia was now standing at the crossroads.

Chapter 1: The season of farewell is right around the corner

January goes by, February escapes and March goes away*.
*TN: This is a rough translation of a Japanese saying that means: “There are many events from New Year to March, they occur in such a way that time flies”.
It was an old saying, but when the New Year began, it gave the feeling of time elapsing quickly.
And that, far from being the same at Akane Academy, seemed obvious for Haimura Moroha.
When he felt that the first three days of New Year had come to an end, it was already February.
Why does the flow of the moon feel so fast?
Moroha thought, and rapidly arrived at the answer.
The people he met, talked and laughed with every day wouldn’t be there anymore soon.
Specifically, the third-year students of *Strikers*.
At Akane Academy, when it came to the third semester of the third-year students, instead of classes, practical exercise started at each department of the Japanese Division.
All third-year students moved from place to place and rarely returned to school.
As they were seen less in the school building and the dormitories, and the time spent with them was reduced to zero, the everyday density felt like it became weaker to Moroha.
Naturally, the special practices after school also lacked captain Isurugi, and without a—
– Is that your real ability!? Do you train by bunny-hopping the stairway of a Shinto shrine!?
– Gyeeeeeeeeeeeeh, that’s not necessary for a *Kuroma*.
—disorganized atmosphere, the special training was fierce today as well.
The scolding of the only remaining third-year student, Sophia, echoed in the martial arts stadium.
– When Tokiko and Douichi graduate, there will be only two *Kuromas* of the regular troops: Kamekichi and Hanta. The fighting power will be reduced by half? NO! Kamekichi’s and Hanta’s abilities are no match for Tokiko and

Douichi, we can say it’s about half as much as theirs, isn’t it? Are you really holding that sense of danger?
Relentless remarks. Sophia was cheerful, and like Taketsuru, she was a Senpai who treated her juniors tenderly, but unlike Taketsuru, she could be completely strict if necessary. She could turn her heart into an oni.
– Come on, try again!
She stood imposingly in the arena, and vigorously hit her rich bust of over 1 meter (!) in diameter.
□□□Ue□□i□□□
The *Kuroma* forces replied while being severely reprimanded by great admiration.
The ones who took the lead were the second-year students Kamekichi Mannendou and Takenaka Hanta, both C-Ranks.
The ones standing behind them were the first-year and second-year reserve corps members.
– Your voices lack power! Ten laps around the schoolyard are waiting for the pitiful children, did you know that!?
Encouraged by Sophia, small screams were leaked out by everyone.
Inevitably, they chanted, feeling half-desperate, and started spelling.
□□□There is purgatory in the realm of the dead! There are burning fields on earth!□□□
□□□Flames become equal, burning good, evil, chaos and everything to exhaustion A purifying intense mercyyyyy□□□
The 1st Rank of Flames, □Flare□. And the 2nd Rank, □Blaze□.
Released one after another, they became a wave of flames which moved towards Sophia.
However, Sophia wasn’t hesitant at all, she thrust her right fist with a keen spirit.
The strong arm buzzed and instantly created a breeze.
The power of destruction—the bright yellow *prana* loaded on the fist wave was set free.
Ancestral Arts Light Technique □Jupiter□.
Moreover, Sophia didn’t stop.
She immediately thrust her left fist, a double □Jupiter□. She thrust the left fist one more time, a triple one.
□Jupiter□ was classified as a powerful technique among Light Techniques. It wasn’t something that could be fired in rapid succession in a short time. AJ showed how she released a double one before, but Sophia showed how she went one step higher. In terms of power, it could be said that this was a proof of how she was the owner of a nonstandard *prana*.
The shining and destructive wind formed a triple layer and met the wave of flames directly.
The first blow weakened the force of flames, the second blow forced it back and the third blow completely blasted the *mana* flames away.
It didn’t stop there; it also blew against the *Kuroma* forces.

There was almost no power of destruction left, but the members who hadn't trained their legs and loins fell down noisily like ears of rice.
– This won't do it at a————ll!
The lambasting of Sophia felt like it pierced their ears.
– The power of a Dark Art losing to a Light Technique is completely unimaginable! Not only that, you're losing to me alone and to a 【Jupiter】 whose unarmed power isn't converged, so what are you going to do!?
Outspoken reprimands flew relentlessly.
The members of the *Kuroma* forces crouched and endured the pain while listening to her.
Even Kamekichi, who was usually annoyingly energetic, was overwhelmed to the point where he couldn't answer back anything interesting.
──And. Moroha and the members of the *Shirogane* forces watched attentively what happened in the arena from the spectator seats.
– Sophie-senpai is reeeleeentleeesss…
Even Ranjou Satsuki, who was to his right, ducked her head as if it were happening to her.
She was grabbing Moroha's arm without realizing it, wondering how could the style of Sophia, the oni-sergeant, be so scary.
– But it's the truth, isn't it?
Momochi Haruka, who was to his left, said bluntly.
She sat cross-legged like a boy, carelessly exposing the beauty of her slender legs from her skirt.
– Next year, it will be only us fighting, right? We'll leave our backs to those standing over there. We'll be troubled if they don't do it well.
Moroha partly agreed,
– She wants to leave a proper education behind before graduating, as expected of Sophie-senpai.
The demon-vice captain Kanzaki Tokiko and Doujima, who were *Kuromas* of the regular troops performing training, were both B-Ranks.
While the fire support of *Kuromas* was extremely important in combat, how big would the hole be with two less people ?
– I've fully realized these days. Our senpais were really strong…
– They are the golden generation after all, aren't they? Even we, the *Shirogane* forces, aren't strange to it.
Satsuki and Haruka grumbled to each other.
Once they became third-years, the A-Rank Isurugi Jin, the five B-Rank including Sophia and Souya Manako and the C-Rank Taketsuru Uisuke would be gone.
Only Moroha and the B-Rank Satsuki and Haruka would remain.
There were a few people among the second-year reserve members who were either *Kuroma* or *Shirogane* and were likely to reach C-Rank in a little while, but even if they became regular members next spring, the feeling of *Strikers* growing terribly weak couldn't be denied.
– We're the bottom generation…

– No, we’re first-years, but careless.
Haruka dropped her shoulders and Satsuki said in a comforting but indignant tone of voice.
Putting Moroha, Satsuki and Shizuno aside—although they were in the middle of the third semester, only three people were able to become reserve members through the year. The *Kuromas* were right in the middle of being scolded by Sophia.
Even though they swung their arms greatly to not be hit by it, it was nothing but the product of a compromise which said 「*Kuromas* are rare, so while they are insufficient, we have to ignore that」.
That reached no *Shirogane*. In fact, Moroha also saw it during the four-class joint exercises, but most of the students were finally able to open the seven gates. Unless they suddenly got the hang of it and changed, their acquisition of 「Venus」 seemed to be far away. And if they didn’t have that level at least, they wouldn’t be able to truly keep up with the daily training even if they joined *Strikers*.
– I heard that around this time last year, Momo-senpai, Takenaka-senpai and Kameyoshi were all C-Rank, right? Then there are more than five reserve members.
It had to be said that their number would be lower than the current second-year students.
Haruka also grumbled while supporting one of her cheeks on one of her knees.
– The day of the entrance ceremony, the rumor of Moroha and the younger brother of Iusurugi-senpai having a great match had spread. At that time, everyone was saying that this would be an unbelievable generation.
If the lid were open after about a year, the disappointment would be tremendous.
Satsuki and Haruka sighed 「*Sigh…*」 at the same time.
Taking little notice of them, Moroha leaned against the back of the chair.
In the seat directly behind him and that was one step higher, Shizuno was reading a small-format paperback book with an “this has nothing to do with me” attitude.
Moroha put the back of his head on the thighs—on the neatly aligned legs of Shizuno.
From there, he looked up at Shizuno and asked her about her aspirations for next year.
– If you stop being a blockhead, then the lack of firepower will be instantly solved, don’t you think?
Shizuno was still no more than a reserve member acknowledged as a D-Rank, but her true strength was among the top of A-Rank.
How much would the change be by filling the hole that Tokiko and Doujima had left?
Even now, she feigned illness, saying 「I have a poor physical condition」, and kept being truant here in the spectator seats, but given that Sophia also

knew Shizuno's real ability, she overlooked it because it would be convenient if that didn't become the point of today's special training.
– Because there's a certain S-Rank, shouldn't it be unnecessary to worry about having a weak force in the first place?
The person in question replied with a composed expression while turning the pages of the small-format paperback book.
Moroha frowned involuntarily due to the reply he got back splendidly.
But Shizuno immediately closed the small-format paperback book, showed a very tiny dimple on her face,
– I'm joking. I will not leave you alone, so rest assured, alright?
She gently stroked Moroha's cheek with her free hand.
However, soon after he enjoyed that feeling,
– Hey, Nii-sama…. Why are you casually flirting…? You're disregarding your cute little sister….
Satsuki-san stabbed him with a stern look from the right side.
– No, I'm not flir—
– You don't realize how obscene it is. You're a lecher, Moroha.
Momo-senpai stabbed him with a stern look from the left side.
– These are false accusations. Don't you think so, Shizuno? You're with me, right?
– Yes. We aren't doing anything like flirting, and this isn't lewd. If Moroha were serious, he would silently thrust his head into my skirt.
– What kind of pervert am I?
A concentrated fire of stares from both flanks and a devil who loved to tease him on his back. Moroha got up and raised both hands, thinking that he had no allies here.
– … Well, not that I care. You've decided to do so. **Ahem**. More importantly, let's return to the last conversation.
Satsuki, who was still glaring at him, cleared her throat in the middle of that, made her facial expression shine and completely transform,
– I'll be an S-Rank in no time and become Nii-sama's emotional support!
She appealed enthusiastically.
– I-I-I'll also be an S-Rank… it will be hard, but I'll do my best to reduce Moroha's burden.
Even Haruka jumped at it determinedly.
The feelings of the two made him happy, and Moroha was about to express his feelings, but,
□□Gnnnnnn….□□
Satsuki and Haruka glared at each other as if what the other had said was unpardonable and quarreled tempestuously.
– How can a person who doesn't have the backbone to become an S-Rank reduce Moroha's burden?
– Satsuki's goal is so low that it reaches the feet on the ground, it sounds like "what you say ends with your mouth" pattern.

– I’m really going to be an S-Rank. By doing so, I’ll team up with Moroha and we’ll become the strongest older brother and younger sister duo in the world.
– That’s utterly impossible, even if you were to get stronger, you move way too slow, a duo with Moroha just won’t work.
– Momo-senpai has nothing but fast feet! If a suuuuper wide and suuuper painful attack came flying, you would be burnt out like a wastepaper. In that respect, I can make the best use of the noble defensive power that I’m proud of and protect Moroha by having him on my back!
– If an attack like that comes, I can just escape and run until I’m out of range. Then I just have to come back to Moroha at a super speed.
– What’s with that child-like chop logic? Aren’t you ashamed to say that?
– You said it too, something that sounded like 「Barrier!」
Satsuki and Haruka criticized each other.
On the other hand, as Shizuno put both hands on Moroha’s shoulders from behind and clung closely to him,
– Isn’t it enough if I’m next to Moroha?
She whispered secretly as she showed a dimple on her face.
Of course, the two people who lost their cool didn’t hear her.
– Anyway, I’ll be the one doing a splendid job as Moroha’s partner!
– What a joke, I’ll be Moroha’s partner. Tekka-san trained me after all.
– Kuh… if so, then Farangan trained me!
– Who is that!?
– A female warrior who taught me the sword in my previous life!
– Haha, now you’re speaking without thinking…
– No! She really was there. She did teach me.
– Then where’s the evidence, where’s the evidence!?
There started the second round—
– Shut up Haruka! And Satsuki!
Sophia’s angry roar echoed from the arena.
The volume of what she said, the sharpness of what she said and the scolding with an outrageous presence.
Satsuki and Haruka sat up straight and sunk into silence.
– Sitting and watching from there is part of a fine special training. It’s ridiculous that people who can’t take it seriously aim for more.
The criticism of Sophia seemed to dig deep into them.
Satsuki and Haruka groaned with a 「Gff」. They behaved.
Seeing that happening, Sophia resumed the special training.
She let the *Kuroma* forces shoot Dark Arts, blew them away with 「Jupiter」 then beat them over and over again.
Kamekichi and company, who were struck many times by devastating ferocious winds, writhed in agony while letting out pitiful screams.
– You’re not improving at all! Everyone lacks fighting spirit. I’ll say this in simple words, so please listen carefully. What is important is heart! Ignite your heart and put your soul into Dark Arts!

– SHADDUUUPP! We've been hearing you for a while now, heart this, heart that, goddammit, are you the secret agent of the Sergeant Hartman? The stemma of Sergeant Hartman!?
In the end, as if he couldn't endure it, Kamekichi rebelled against Sophia.
– Hoho. You, a half-man, are retorting to an adult?
Sophia said with eyes half-closed.
Kamekichi faltered like a small animal for a moment, but rapidly regained his vigor,
– If we ignite our souls and become stronger, then blue bullets aren't necessary. Why don't we go scientifically and smartly instead of spiritually? Your strange spiritual words are good enough for Moroha only.
He gave a forceful speech of a common opinion regarding the White Knight Organization.
As if they were saying "yes, he's right", the *Kuroma* members who agreed with him appeared one after another.
(But that's wrong)
In the spectator seats, Moroha moved his head to the left and right a little.
On top of using 「Ancestral Arts」, it was important to have heart.
– I think the influence of Haimura on Sophie-paisen has gone too far!
– That's a misunderstanding. I'm not repeating what Moroha says.
Sophia brushed Kamekichi's accusation aside.
Moroha nodded a bit in the spectator seats.
Certainly, he taught a lot of basic stuff to Sophia while being asked to do so on a daily basis.
However, Sophia grasped from the beginning the main point that fired up her heart.
– The one who taught me that was the benefactor who saved me and trained me. That person is the strongest *Shirogane* in the American Division.
– Eh? Paisen was the personal pupil of "Flash Sword" Van Percy? Or the one who taught you was Finisher? It's a first for me*.
*TN: Finisher is the furigana reading for Demise Sword.
– NO. It's true that he was said to be the strongest in the world, but I'm convinced that Lei who uses a rare 「Mars」 and who has used 「Clairvoyance」 to extremes is certainly stronger!
– Ah…. Are you making her look better than what she is?
– I'm not doing such a thing! I don't care if it's Kamekichi, keep joking and I'll crack your head open!
Sophia opened her eyes wide in anger and Kamekichi pulled in his head.
– S-sure. Even if Paisen's benefactor says the right thing after giving 100 million steps, isn't she a *Shirogane*? That has nothing to do with *Kuromas* like us.
Kamekichi, who didn't know when to give up, fought back persistently.
Sophia objected, still flaring into a rage.
– That's not true! There's not only Lei, there's also *Ce*——
However, her words came to an end there.

Sophia suddenly stiffened her face and couldn’t continue.
Kamekichi, who had closed his eyes and had drawn back his neck to be prepared for her angry voice, opened one of his eyes fearfully.
Moroha and everyone else gazed steadily at Sophia, wondering what had happened.
She cast her gaze down and made a bitter expression.
As if she were tormented by some unbearable feelings or memories.
Both Satsuki and Haruka looked at each other, feeling worried.
Moroha felt the same. There was no way he wouldn’t be worried.
Kamekichi put back his retracted neck while being terrified,
– W-what’s wrong, so suddenly?
– It’s nothing….
Sophia clenched both fists firmly and raised her face.
She put a strict look in her eyes as if to shake off the bitter feelings,
– Anyways! A bad boy who won’t listen to what an upperclassman says has to be punished.
With a hand wearing *prana*, she flicked her fingers towards the empty sky.
What kind of power was she using to unleash a gust of wind like that?
Kamekichi and the others, who were hit by it, made their faces become pale.
– I didn’t hear your reply, did I?
□□□Y-yeeeees!□□□
Kamekichi and company replied all at once and started preparing Dark Arts.
– Nice reply. Try again!
Sophia assented in satisfaction. Her smile was the same as usual.
However—
Was it Moroha’s imagination, or deep down within her, the agitation seemed difficult to go away?

The members of the *Shirogane* reserve corps were strongly squeezed after the *Kuroma* troops.
However, after the special practice ended, Sophia gave everyone croquettes.
It was a special product of a meat shop located in the shopping street that Akane students often used.
They were jumbo size and their substantiality was amazing. Everyone filled their mouths with great joy.
The coating made from coarse-grained homemade breadcrumbs had a delightful texture similar to snacks.

Conversely, the garnished potatoes were carefully mashed, they had a smooth feel on the tongue. It created an elegant feeling as if claiming 「Don't look down on croquettes」.
Above all, it was the meat shop's croquette, they were glad that it contained lots of minced meat.
It was Moroha's favorite food too, he bought and ate it sometimes.
– It's my first time tasting a delicious croquette like this!
Another first-year student who recently joined the reserve corps was frolicking, but it wasn't entirely necessary to call it an exaggeration. After such special training, they had to have something slightly-salted and delicious.
While Moroha was impressed by the carrot and stick typical of Sophia, he certainly wasn't tactless to point it out.
On the way back from the meat shop. No more than 20 people walked in droves.
As they passed through the shopping street and approached the dorms, the residences became less populated, but they didn't let it feel that way.
Everyone was having fun and engaging in lively conversations and smiling.
Along the way, Satsuki asked Sophia.
– Are you going back to America next week?
– YES! I'll return to Japan in about three weeks, so please look forward to souvenirs.
Unlike the induction course of other third years, Sophia had a curriculum to return to her native country and receive all at once.
As an overseas student, she would become a 「Savior」 of the American Division after graduation.
– I will feel lonely without Sophie-senpai.
Satsuki dropped her shoulders downheartedly.
To tell the truth, Sophia was the first person who amiably approached his 「little sister」 who couldn't make any friends until she came to Akane and couldn't make friends for a while after enrolling.
– Kanzaki-senpai and the others won't be here too, but when I think about it, they will be at a distance in which I can meet them…
Haruka began to look melancholic as if being affected by it.
– I will be lonely too.
Sophia used her big body to hug Satsuki and Haruka together.
The three of them stopped their feet, Satsuki hugged her back strongly while Haruka hugged her back feeling a little shy.
The other members went ahead, the lively air went away and the atmosphere became quiet.
Satsuki, who felt despondent, asked while looking up at Sophia.
– Isn't there an option like joining the Japanese Division?
– … I'm sure there is, if I said I've never thought about it, I would be lying.
Sophia replied and Satsuki lightened up her expression for a moment.
– However, I will be protecting the States.

But she instantly knew it was a premature joy and dropped her shoulders.
Sophia embraced her shoulders. As if transmitting eloquently that Satsuki's feelings made her happy.
Sophia's eyes were fixed on the members going in front of her.
Kamekichi suddenly invented a croquette game, not a pocky game.
Takenaka was forced to go along with him.
Everyone who saw them burst into laughter.
They were having fun, and since Taketsuru and the other third-years were gathered too, they would surely have more fun.
What Moroha saw appearing in the eyes of Sophia who stared at their backs was something like a tinge of lingering feelings.
But at the same time,
– I cannot betray the American Division.
Moroha heard her voice in which a strong determination lived.
– Uuu….
Shizuno poked Satsuki's side who was still grumbling with her elbow.
(Act properly. Keep doing so and you will be the same as Mannendou-senpai, do you hear me?)
She scolded her in a low voice. In other words, it appeared as if she lacked delicacy.
(Is this something that shouldn't be talked about?)
Finding it odd, Moroha also asked in a low voice.
(The problem of the American Division is that the bleeding of talented people doesn't stop)
Moroha sighed at Shizuno's straightforward answer with a **hmm**.
If that was true, then it was certainly a delicate conversation to invite Sophia to join the Japanese Division.
Moroha casually kept a distance from the three.
Shizuno lowered her voice even more so as to not be heard by Sophia and told him the circumstances.
It seemed that each division of the White Knight Organization began to scout 「Saviors」 from other divisions.
However, a completion of it was rare.
No one wanted to leave their native country and live in an unfamiliar foreign country without any benefit in particular.
Therefore, suitable preparations were needed for the ones who would be headhunted, but it was complicated.
Due to the financial situation at each division, it was not possible to provide exceptionally good working conditions (in short, a super salary). Could the 「Saviors」 in their own country, who couldn't enjoy the same working conditions as someone from another country who succeeded in being headhunted for an impossible amount of money, agree to that?
Dissatisfaction appearing one after another was bound to happen.
Of course, on the other hand, those who were headhunted wouldn't be silent.

It was different when the person wasn't so important, but on the day when they planned the scouting of leaders, the Division Head of the other party would step forward and war would start… something like that happening wasn't strange at all.
There were things like circumstances and context, but there were exceptions to everything.
According to Shizuno, the American Division had two reasons for it.
First, the financial situation of the American Division was pretty bad, so the working conditions of 「Saviors」 belonging to it were clearly lower than other divisions.
Second, the American Division Head was a complete individualist, and if her subordinates wished to transfer to another division, she would respect their wishes and let them go without saying anything even if they were leaders.
Therefore, it appeared that other divisions began to scout and negotiate brazenly and a decent number of excellent American 「Saviors」 bled in the past. If the very origin of the bleeding was traced, then the policy of the division head was the cause of it, however, for those who loved the American Division, this was a nerve-wracking matter.
– Moreover, Sophia-senpai, the person in question, seems to have some circumstances too, don't you think?
Moroha agreed with Shizuno's thoughts.
Otherwise, she wouldn't have used serious words like 「Cannot betray」.
What were her circumstances?
What was the thing that Sophia left behind in America?
Was it bigger than her lingering feelings towards Japan that he could clearly guess from her gaze?
Sophia didn't look like she was convinced that much by what she said.
He hoped she wasn't troubled, but he would worry if she was anxious.
He was carefully thinking about it—and at that moment.
The cellphone rang and Sophia took it out and hurriedly put it on her ear, looking surprised.
She talked to the other person on the phone in English. From her tone of voice, he could feel that the atmosphere wasn't normal, and she watched Satsuki and Haruka to her left and right with intense concentration.
However, the time of the phone call itself was short,
– W-who was it…?
– My boss.
– Eh? You mean the America Division Head!?
Satsuki asked timidly, Sophia answered immediately and Haruka was amazed.
Furthermore, Sophia announced somewhat puzzled as she closed the cell phone.
– It has been decided that my return to my country has been accelerated and scheduled for next week.
– You're lying!

– A direct order from the Division Head!?
Sophia, who gave a sidelong glance at Satsuki and Haruka who got surprised in succession, suddenly turned around in the direction of Moroha. She began to say in an extremely apologetic way to Moroha who suspected of something.
– I'd like Moroha to come with me.
– Eh? Me?
– YES…. I'd like you to help the American Division.
An absolutely crazy request from Sophia.
Satsuki and Haruka finally screamed, even Shizuno was slightly amazed.
– I give up…. If it's a request from Sophie-senpai, I'll gladly accept it….
Moroha had no choice but to reply so as he scratched his head.
– But can you tell me the details for the time being?
Satsuki and Haruka nodded with a **mm-hmm**.
Shizuno made a grim expression.
Sophia complied with an 「Of course」 and explained to Moroha and the others.
Thus──

Chapter 2: The welcome of Arlene Highbury

Mission: Kill the Archfiend that raided the American Division.
Moroha received that request and left Akane Academy.
Because he was nominated by the American Division and the Japanese Division accepted it, the school would be closed.
Sophia was his only companion.
Satsuki and the others insisted on going with them, but the American Division politely requested that they refrained from doing so.
Just before departure, Shizuno whispered into his ear.
– I have heard that the American Division doesn't have a dangerous political belief in particular, and that the Division Head Arlene Highbury is a very harmless person whose reason for living is to make artifacts. But be careful*.
*TN: Artifacts is the furigana reading for magic tools.
– About what?
– She's not evil but not inoffensive. She made you fight and defeat Elena-san, and did something like a plan to shave off the fighting power of the former Russian Division which they regarded as dangerous, and yet, she is calm, isn't she? There's no guarantee that calling for Moroha this time is really only for the purpose of exterminating the 「Metaphysical」.
Moroha thanked her for such appreciated advice, but Shizuno reminded him.
– Are you going to exterminate it quickly, make them really indebted to you at best and come back? No matter what?
She must be very frustrated for not being allowed to go.
Even though that was how it started, Moroha and Sophia headed to New York by air.
It was roughly a 12-hour journey from Narita Airport.
While it wasn't necessary to read too much into it, the American Division arranged first-class tickets. Thanks to that, Moroha was in suspense, saying 「How much do the tickets cost…? Such a waste…」. Any rich accommodations or service was rather a bed of nails.
Sophia, who was on the next seat, noticed he was feeling uncomfortable,
– I'm sorry…. Moroha is cramped because I'm too big, right…?
She ended up growing timid.

Sophia was too tall, and she had a complex about it.
It was hard to dispel the misunderstanding and soothe her.
To calm his mind, he decided to put on a blanket right away and sleep.
By the time this succeeded and was shaken awake by Sophia, he had already arrived at JFK International Airport.
(It’s cold…)
That was Moroha’s first impression after stepping on the ground of New York.
As soon as he stepped outside the building to head to the roundabout, he received the welcome of a biting, strong wind.
His whole body grew numb with cold.
When he looked up, the sky was thinly hazed, but it wasn’t because of clouds.
Exhaust gas, which was peculiar to New York that had a huge traffic in a small land, was its true identity.
In short, today’s weather was clear.
(That’s why it’s so cold…)
That caused Moroha to be dumbfounded.
When he found the temperature display in Celsius and Fahrenheit under the electric clock and checked it, it said 「2ºC」.
However, as for his bodily sensation, it felt like a minus temperature.
Sophia had told him in advance that 「New York in February is cold」. He was told that a wool cap, a woolen scarf, gloves and a down coat were indispensable, so he prepared them while feeling it was too much, but even all this seemed to be insufficient.
He tightly re-wore the hand-knitted scarf that Satsuki gave him for Christmas.
He ended up being deeply moved again by how valuable this was.
– Unlike Japan, the humidity is low. That’s why the cold is so penetrating.
Sophia taught him while arriving at the roundabout and waiting for the car that would pick them up.
By the way, since they got on the airplane, both of them have been speaking in English to get used to it.
– That’s also why I told you to come wearing thick clothes, didn’t I?
Sophia, who said so, was already big, and yet, she was swelling up with heavy equipment.
– But if it’s so cold, why did you drink half of it?
She offered him a cup of coffee that she bought at the Starmucks in the airport.
Feeling the sensual lips of Sophia coming in contact with his for a moment, someone like Moroha ended up feeling embarrassed even if only a little, but his Senpai was indifferent to the sensitivity of 「the happiness and embarrassment of adolescence」.
The people who were aware of it became way too embarrassed, so he pretended not to be affected by it as much as possible.

– Are you getting warm?
– Yes, very.
Moroha sipped while flushing his cheeks slightly.
– If I do this, then you'll get even warmer.
Then, because she suddenly hugged him from behind, he almost spat out coffee.
(She really is indifferent…)
Moroha stared at her with scornful eyes and ran away.
After arriving at the airport, Sophia looked more enthusiastic than usual.
The joy of returning to her country after the summer vacation might be the cause of it.
Her eyes looking at the scenery were soft; her breath agitated.
Normally, it would have been romantic to look at it alongside her for a while like this, but unfortunately, it was too cold.
– The ones sent to pick us up haven't come yet?
He checked the time with the electric clock and asked while stepping to distract himself from the cold.
– We arrived two minutes early.
– Only two minutes?
When it came to go to meet somebody, Moroha tried to arrive five minutes early.
Wasn't the other party careless in terms of time?
However, he was grateful that he just had to come and then changed his mind, thinking (There's no need to waste money on taxi fare), so he shut his mouth and waited in silence.
Then──
Noisy voices were heard from the direction of the car entry.
It was a huge airport with more than 1200 departures and arrivals a day.
Even the slight disturbances were loud.
Moroha, driven by his spirit of curiosity, strained his eyes to the great noise.
– What is, that…?
Even when he mentally prepared for it, he was surprised.
A strange thing came along, mixed with the buses and taxis that came into the roundabout.
A long, triangular, pyramid-shaped object in the front and back made of a mysterious silver metal.
It floated about 10 centimeters above the ground and moved without making gliding sounds.
It was painted with a fire pattern, and an emblem could be seen, as well as the initials of 「ABAMS」 on the design of the deformed cannon.
Thanks to those things, it looked like a vehicle, but it was an extremely different object.
Everyone walking down the road stopped and stared at it in wonder.
The 「moving triangular pyramid」, which became the focus of attention, suddenly stopped when it came in front of Moroha and Sophia.

It arrived at the meeting place without a single second of deviation.
– N-no way… is this what came to pick us up…?
– It’s just as you think.
Sophia replied while holding her forehead as if enduring a headache.
The left side of the 【moving triangular pyramid】 suddenly opened like the door of a car. Until then, the seams couldn’t be seen anywhere.
And like it was truly a vehicle, a person appeared from inside.
A young woman with glasses.
The freckles, which were an irregularity unique to white people, and the few ones she still had, were very charming.
The woman got out of the 【moving triangular pyramid】, carried a small backpack on her back, hid half of her body behind the open door and turned her face toward them, looking bashful.
– Err, we stand out. We really, really stand out.
The person who seemed to be bashful in public wanted them not to get on such suspicious object.
Sure enough, the attention of the people coming and going rushed to Moroha and Sophia. They got mixed up in it.
Sweating cold on this cold day, Sophia shouted.
– I’m sorry! We’re shooting a movie!
Moroha was about to collapse, but,
– Wait, Hollywood?
– If it’s Hollywood, then it cannot be helped.
– The special effects these days are amazing.
– Shall we go? We’re obstructing the shooting.
The people on the road seemed to be very convinced and dispersed.
Are you okay, America?
In the unexpectedly quiet atmosphere, the bespectacled woman finally showed herself from behind the door.
No, when he thought she showed herself, she went behind Sophia with agile movements and hid herself behind her huge body.
She half peeked at him with her face only and fixedly stared at Moroha.
At first glance, she didn’t seem to be younger than him, but due to her childish behavior, he couldn’t tell her age.
– Ex-excuse me, Senpai. Can you introduce us…?
– She is our boss.
– Eeh?
He couldn’t help but be surprised again.
In other words, this woman of unknown age who couldn’t meet Moroha face-to-face while hiding behind something was—
The S-Rank nicknamed “Arsenal” and the Head of the American Division.
Arlene Highbury.
– I-if I remember correctly, you said she is 19 years old, right?
– The day she will become an adult is near…*
*TN: adult is the furigana reading for 20 years old.

– ……
Edward, Charles and of course, Lightning Empress, were majestic, but it was utterly hard to see her as a Six Head and as an S-Rank like them.
– Is she afraid of strangers?
– That’s right…. And she is a shut-in, so her inter-personal communication abilities don’t exist…
– And she can do her job as the Division Head…
– Once she got used to it, she got brazenly over-familiar with it.
Arlene, who was supposed to be Sophia’s distant boss, didn’t get angry at her overly familiar manner of speaking.
Was she timid or soft-hearted?
Even after going through the introduction, Moroha’s embarrassment didn’t clear up, and as he wondered what he should do while his face stiffened, Arlene pulled the hem of Sophia’s clothes, made her lower her head and began to whisper something into her ear.

Sophia nodded once, then turned toward Moroha,
– The boss says—Nice to meet you, something-kun.
– She should remember the name of the person she summoned at least…
– The boss says—I'm happy to see you, fellow S-Rank.
– If you're happy, then show me your face properly…
Moroha complained, but Arlene hid quickly and completely behind Sophia.
Looking like she couldn't speak and meet him face-to-face at all, the conversation continued through Sophia.
– The boss says—It's been a long journey, but welcome to America.
– The boss says—The target is still lost, so let's take it easy for a while.
– The boss says—I will take care of all your troubles during your stay, so don't worry.
…… This condition.
Apparently, the American Division Head didn't have a warped personality, but there was another kind of trickiness.
– A-anyway, I look forward to working with you.
Moroha showed the best good smile he could make on his face, took off his gloves and presented his right hand.
This is America so shake hands at least! Shake hands!
Said the pre-lecture he received.
However, Arlene remained hidden behind Sophia.
Shaking hands was an impossible task.
As he stiffened with his right hand pushed out, Arlene whispered into Sophia's ear.
Sophia instantly frowned.
What on earth are you making me say? You're creeping me out.
– Err, my boss wants to ask a blunt favor to Moroha….
– W-what is it? I wonder if I can do it.
Moroha caused his good smile to freeze.
Sophia found it difficult to speak out,
– The boss says—Won't you let me lick your body fluids?
– Body fluids!?
Moroha drew back his right hand, recoiling in shock.
– W-w-w-why are you think about body fluids?
– It doesn't mean anything strange. Tears and sweat are all right.
– That's strange enough, isn't it? Pervert, even.
– I beg you, please! It's a substitute for a proper greeting that my boss does often to the person she meets for the first time!
– Why do you have a greeting like thaaaaat?
– I apologize for this, my boss is too relaxed.
He retorted over and over, but Sophia implored him. The arguing back and forth ended there.
– … if I say sweat, what should I do?
He asked, astonished.

– The boss says—You can just let me lick any part of your skin directly.
What a difficult problem to answer.
After Moroha pondered, he held out his bare right hand.
With that, Arlene moved away from Sophia’s back for the first time.
Nervously.
– It’s not like I bite or anything…
Moroha said with a face that was impossible to tell whether it was a way-too-stiffened good smile or facial neuralgia.
Arlene grabbed Moroha’s hand while being cautious like a small animal and sucked on it.
– What is this delicacy in this world!?
Arlene stared in wonder with a face similarly in wonder.
She started to lick and lick while having a serious look.
Her small tongue crawled around sensitive areas such as the base of the nails, the space between the fingers and the wrinkled joints. Moroha had no choice but to desperately endure the tingling sensation that assaulted his spine.
It didn’t last more than three minutes.
Arlene finally separated as if being satisfied.
As they did so as a substitute for greetings, he wondered if this opened her heart a little, but then she flew back behind Sophia again.
Moroha felt like he had suffered damage.
Arlene whispered into Sophia’s ear again, her body still hidden behind Sophia.
– The boss says—I’d like to let me smell you too.
– Come on, that is too much.
– The boss says—I beg you, that’s the last thing I’ll do.
– I’m also begging you, for real.
Moroha had no choice but to give up in frustration.
He told her to do as she liked, spread his arms and waited.
Arlene, who came timidly, buried her face in Moroha’s chest and scented out his smell.
Not just the chest. Arlene started going around Moroha as a support while clinging to him and sniffed around with her nose pressed against him all the time.
She wasn’t embarrassed at all.
(I haven’t taken a bath for half a day… uuu)
He was nervous in his mind, wondering if he was smelly.
Arlene made a full lap and finally separated from him.
And this time, she didn’t escape or hide anymore.
She turned her face downward while standing up straight in front of Moroha.
Her body was trembling.
– Fu… ufu… kufufuh… kufuufufuh…
She was chuckling to herself. As if she couldn’t bear it anymore.

– Arlene-san?
At the unexpected and sudden change, Moroha wondered what happened.
Without replying, Arlene raised her face with great momentum.
They were able to meet each other face-to-face for the first time.
Was she relieved now? And, the moment Moroha was glad, Arlene pierced the heavens with her right hand,
– It’s here――――――――――!
She let out a strange voice.
Moroha was stunned.
– The inspiration flowing out gushingly is finally heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeere!
Arlene made an ecstatic face as if intracerebral drugs began to overflow gushingly.
– He…re? What is here?
– God! The god of invention has come flying down to my grey matter! Your sweat and smell have opened the gate of the great heavens; the happiness I’ve been craving for!
Arlene explained in English with a slightly suspicious pronunciation.
It was the first step in establishing direct communication, but the meaning of what she said was incomprehensible.
– I shouldn’t be doing this. I’m sorry, something-kun! I, something came up.
– Huh…?
The moment he became dumbfounded, Arlene suddenly stretched out her hand to his head and plucked off a hair.
– Ouch!? I mean, what on earth are you doing?
– Sacrifices are essential for inventions!
Arlene took something similar to a test tube from her breast pocket while making her mouth break into a smile and collected the hair of Moroha with great care.
– But you said it was the last thing you’ll do.
Feeling anxious about her perverted conduct, Moroha tried to recover the test tube for collection, but,
– I go――――――――t i ――――――――t!
Just in time, the body of Arlene flew to the sky like a **rocket.**
– Whaa!?
Even Moroha flew through the air due to her completely unexpected behavior. When he focused on her with surprised eyes, it seemed that the backpack she was carrying on her back was spouting fire, becoming a propulsive force.
– Won’t she get burned…?
– It’s an artifact made by my boss so there’s no point in demanding principles or theories. It’s the same as an ID Tag.
Sophia explained, but he wasn’t convinced.
Losing strength, he followed Arlene with his eyes until she disappeared into the lightly hazy New York sky.
– This is so absurd, I mean, it has no precedents, she’s just like Edward…

How many times had he been astonished in this short period of time?
– T-there are people who get used to it and never get tired of watching it, right?
– I wonder if I'll get used to it…
Moroha was driven by feelings of uneasiness.
Plus, he was at a loss.
At any rate, the person who came to pick them up was ecstatic and flying alone.
Being left behind, astonished, he looked at the vapor trail left by Arlene,
– We have no other choice.
Sophia tapped his shoulder.
When he turned around, she pointed with her other hand.
To the, yes, to the 『moving triangular pyramid』.
– Are you serious…?
– We can take a taxi, but the New York HQ is far away, you know?
Far = Expensive.
Moroha had no choice but to make a bitter decision.

The 『moving triangular pyramid』 seemed to have the official name of DELTA.
When he got inside, all the walls and the ceiling surrounding the cockpit turned into dark monitor screens, and 『DELTA』 was displayed on the front, just like the startup screen of a PC.
The monitor screens turned on, showing the scenery outside the body of the car as images.
Since he could see all the surroundings in 180 degrees, Moroha felt restless, as if he were naked and only the cockpit had been left behind.
Speaking of restlessness, there was also a problem with the seat.
It was big and comfortable to recline on, but it was a single seat. Thanks to that, Sophia had to sit deeply and Moroha had to get on her, sitting down on her inner thighs.
It ended up being a somewhat embarrassing posture, but Sophia didn't seem to care about it, so he could do nothing but re-think (Am I too conscious about it…?)
Even so, Moroha shrunk and sat down, minding his manners so as to not touch her as much as possible, but,
– I'd like you to bow your head, Moroha. I can't see the front.
Sophia, who held the steering wheel, requested.

By the way, it wasn’t a round steering wheel like a car’s, but two long handlebars shaped like the ones of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Thanks to this, Sophia could hold them comfortably behind Moroha.
– Umm, I don’t have space to bend forward…
– If so, you can lean on me.
No sooner she said so than his forehead was grabbed and pulled back towards her. Like the most elastic seat in the world, Sophia’s big, American-size bust caught his body, stopping him.
– Isn’t this position still awkward?
– Why are you flurried? I’d like you not to struggle in the car, like a child.
Moroha couldn’t oppose being embraced by her who boasted a wonderful physique and was powerful even without activating Ancestral Arts.
(I’m too conscious… I should give that a try…)
He chanted something like a nenbutsu in his mind and strived not to be aware of the seductive feeling hitting the nape of his neck bouncily. He made an effort not only to forget*.
*TN: Nenbutsu (Or nianfo) is a term commonly seen in Pure Land Buddhism. In the context of Pure Land practice, it generally refers to the repetition of the name of Amitābha (extracted from Wikipedia).
– Arlene-san came to pick us up with this, but where did she plan to put us on?
He brought up a subject to distract his mind.
– Maybe there’s a transform button somewhere.
Now that she mentioned it, certainly, there were many buttons of unknown purpose around the base of the handlebars.
He didn’t feel like touching them carelessly.
– Rather, from the way Senpai speaks about this vehicle, Senpai doesn’t know too much about it, am I correct?
– It didn’t exist when I returned during summer vacation. I think it was recently developed by my boss.
– I’m going to walk.
– *LET’S GO!*
As soon as Moroha was about to get out, Sophia stepped on the accelerator on the right-hand drive.
The body of the car started and accelerated explosively.
A G-Force that felt like it didn’t let him breathe for a moment was applied, his body was pressed against what was behind. He felt that Sophia’s rich breasts were squashed on his back.
– I am an obedient girl who listens to what you often say ♪.
Sophia handled the handlebars and overtook and dodged the cars moving in front of her with slaloms.
In the blink of an eye, she left the roundabout, went out to the highway and left the airport.
After they accelerated once, they hardly felt any G-Force anymore. The influence of the road surface condition was nonexistent, the vehicle truly

kept running as if gliding. In order to pass the vehicles in front, the hectic slalom movement was repeated many times, but DELTA's behavior was stability itself. It didn't shake their bottom. When Moroha looked to the left and right, the roadside trees flew backwards at an abnormal speed. In other words, they were going absurdly fast.
– Do you have a license, Senpai?
– Do you think there's a license for a weird vehicle like this?
Moroha greatly regretted the imprudence of getting in it successfully, thinking only about saving money on taxi fares.
– There are police officers here. Stop right noooow.
– Even policemen are cute. They shouldn't have the courage to stop such a suspicious object.
– Like they say, "Wake not a sleeping lion". Not even I wanted to touch it.
– It is good to know that the invention of my boss doesn't curse.
– I mean, is Arlene-san a scientist? I heard that she makes magic tools, but she invented an SF-like thing such as this?
– While its appearance resembles SF, it's definitely an artifact. After all, the principle is unknown. The motive power may be a sprite.
– Transcendental Occult, you say? If a mistake is made while steering it, won't we be cursed?
– Jeez! Moroha is a boy, so accept your fate resolutely!
– Guh… are you really okay driving it? You got in it for the first time…
– Of course I'm okay! All the inventions of my boss are logically made like Shumi Marudashi's. And the basic steering method is as simple as a game*.
*TN: I'm extremely unsure about "Shumi Marudashi" because I find nothing on the internet, it doesn't seem to be a name or activity, so I'm quite lost. The only similar results are "drawings" of a series, but nothing else. A really rough literal translation would be "disclosure of hobbies".
She opened the throttle of the accelerator even more while guaranteeing that they can't do something like feeling relieved.
– Now, I'll drive fast to the New York HQ!
– Uwaaaaaaaaaaaah.
Moroha embraced the seat with fear.
He forgot that Sophia, who boasted a glamorous and healthy beauty, was taking the place of the seat now.
However, fear was something he eventually got used to.
30 minutes after the drive started, he felt nothing about this suspicious-looking vehicle or speed, he had plenty of time to enjoy the scenery outside. Sophia guided him as if being aware of it.
After leaving JFK International Airport, and for a calm sightseeing, they changed from the Van Wyck Expressway to the Grand Central Parkway and went toward Manhattan Borough which was in the northwest.
The road was wide, there were many lanes with no curves, both the left and right were surrounded by maintained greenery; it was a pleasant road to drive.

It was very far, in a good meaning, from the crude image of New York that Moroha had.
Even after entering Queens Borough and driving through the urban area, his image didn’t change.
The rows of trees continued, but beyond them, he could see houses tightly lined in a row. However, it could be said that this much was a familiar sight in Japan.
The Japanese houses were often ridiculed for being all cramped, but Sophia laughed bitterly, crackling a joke, 「You don’t want that to be told by people living around here」.
However, when they finally entered Manhattan, New York was as Moroha imagined.
The green disappeared and only an immense amount of iron and concrete came into view.
Tall buildings as if competing for each other’s dominance were crowded in a small area.
Thanks to that, he nervously got the impression that they were thin like wires.
Such buildings were lined up, filling up his field of vision.
The scene looked like a miniature copy of a survival of the fittest, and of an American, free-competitive society.
Tired of seeing the scenery, Moroha brought up a new subject to Sophia.
– About the case of the Evil Spirit-class──
He started reviewing the incident this time.
– Is the California branch office the one that was attacked first?
– YES. When the Japanese Division Head got in contact with them, it had gotten very close already, their preparations for interception weren’t ready at all. Of course, my boss and the others didn’t have time to come running.
– The worst-case scenario, huh…
– YES. It appears that the Evil Spirit-class was only aiming at the branch office and 「Saviors」. It tried to destroy the building and abduct our companions.
– No way, their ulterior motive is to make new Evil Spirit-class by abducting people, isn’t it…?
Moroha recalled in his mind the back of Shiba Akira disappearing into the forest at night.
In the past, a mysterious person named “Invisible” abducted about 10 「Saviors」 from each division, turned them into Evil Spirit-class, but the 「Demons」, in order to expand their strength, might be planning the abduction of 「Saviors」 on a large scale.
– Probably. Anyway, it seems that the branch office chief, who noticed the aim of the Evil Spirit-class, used his quick wittedness to save and take back the abducted companions, and then left the branch office and issued a withdrawal order. Since he ran and scattered with everyone, the Evil Spirit-class appeared to be unable to do anything evil, gave up and returned.

Moroha also had heard that the whereabouts of the Evil Spirit-class after that were completely unknown.
It sounded like it couldn't be grasped by the 「Ancestral Arts」of the Japanese Division Head Suruga Andou.
A rumor that began to be lionized constantly said that Archfiends (Back when the Headless Evil Spirit and the Six-Armed Evil Spirit appeared) were difficult to seize with "Clairvoyance".
In any case, it was said that the Evil Spirit-class, which eradicated its whereabouts after the attack on the California branch office, reappeared a week later when it raided the Indiana branch office.
– This time, the detection was fast, and the preparations and rescue of boss and company were in time.
– But the result is the same?
– YES. The Evil Spirit was so strong, they couldn't bring it down, and with no other option, they issued a withdrawal order before anyone was abducted.
– A Evil Spirit-class that can't be beaten even by the S-Rank Arlene-san leading her allies…?
– My boss is neither a *Shirogane* nor a *Kuroma*, her fighting style is special and incompatible with the Evil Spirit-class.
Since the battle record of that time remained in video, they would show it to them specially when they arrived at the headquarters.
– Is that the reason I'm here?
– Moroha has already brought down three Evil Spirit-class, you are a specialist.
– Well, I'm helped by those around me though.
– I certainly know that. This time, we'll support you with all we have!
The DELTA, driven by Sophia, went through Manhattan and kept going further to the north.
And took the U.S. Route 9 to the suburbs.
The man-made buildings disappeared, becoming sparse, and the green color and nature intensified in inverse proportion.
Approximately 90 kilometers away from the center of New York.
Moroha and Sophia arrived in Cold Spring.
Located on the banks of the Hudson River, it was a rural town surrounded by a harbor to the west and a forest to the east.
And it was also the location of the New York headquarters of the American Division.

Chapter 3: New York Headquarters

The building was quite different from what Moroha had imagined.
– This is the headquarters of the American Division…?
Waiting for confirmation, Sophia, who parked DELTA on the **nearby garden**, agreed with a YES.
Am I being deceived? Moroha seriously doubted.
Because the building that Sophia pointed to was a private house no matter how he looked at it.
A forest house in the suburbs of a rural town on the outskirts of New York.
It was certainly a new building. A pure white, elegant, wonderful house that girls seemed to dream of, saying 「I'd love to live in a house like this in the future ♥」. It felt big from the outside, it was possible to call it a palatial residence….
He had heard that the Tokyo, London and Paris headquarters were imposing buildings.
That was why when Moroha heard 「New York Headquarters」, it would be a skyscraper that towered just like he imagined.
(This private house…? Seriously…?)
Moroha, who got off DELTA, lost his voice as he stared at the white house enshrined in front of him.
– Is this that surprising?
– … Yes, well.
– But in America, all the other branch offices are like this.
– That's really modest, isn't it.…?
Moroha recalled the Shiojiri branch that was used during the attack on 「Stronghold」.
Having six large buildings, it was a huge facility that had the appearance of a research laboratory.
Compared to that, each bureau of the American Division seemed to be surprisingly small.
Moroha stood up straight in front of the white house and continued talking while looking at it alongside Sophia.
– Like I thought, their financial situation is quite bad, isn't it?
– That's not it. In the first place, it's the boss's principle… policy, I mean.

– And that is?
– The boss says that buildings are illogical because they're uselessly big and expensive.
While Moroha admired her frugal attitude,
– While it may be true that, you need a certain amount of space, no? This house doesn't seem to have a place for 100 people to get in and sit, so it can't function as the headquarters, can it?
– Not quite so. As far as office work is concerned, and although there are a few exceptions, it can be handled at home, and meetings can be held online. The boss says it's illogical for everyone to gather and work at the same place in this internet era.
– I-I see…
Moroha was astonished.
What she said now truly made sense. And they could save a huge amount of wasted money.
With that in mind, building a facility with six buildings was the biggest waste there was.
– I got a better opinion of Arlene-san.
She wasn't just an oddball.
– I'd like you to wait, Moroha. You thought that you might get along with the boss, right?
– Eh, is it impossible?
– Unfortunately, that's a misunderstanding…. The boss doesn't put limits to the money she spends on hobbies, or rather, inventions…. She throws a large amount of money away; she doesn't listen to the people around her telling her to stop…
– A-and she calls this logical…?
– As a result, the boss insists that this is logical because it makes everyday work more convenient and everyone's equipment has improved….
– By the way, how much does the invention of the DELTA costs…?
– Based on past patterns, I'll be surprised if it's below $100,000.
– Isn't it more logical to buy an ordinary car?????
– YES. One of the reasons why the American Division is in a desperate financial situation is the wasteful habit of the boss.
Yeah, I don't think we'll get along.
It's impossible.
Moroha concluded in secret in his chest.
– But, but, the boss really has a good side!
Being utterly amazed, Sophia clenched her fist and intervened.
Turning eyes of distrust toward her, she began to insist. She had very serious eyes.
– Understood. I'll hear you.
Therefore, Moroha also flattened the look in his eyes and lent an ear to her obediently.

It was when the division was founded six years ago.
Unlike the other five countries, the US government pushily pressured Arlene to intervene in the construction of an organization.
Specifically, instead of building a single organization for 【Saviors】 by 【Saviors】—
They planned to incorporate the military, police organizations and even traditional organizations like the CIA to make effective use of the superpowers of the 【Saviors】 in addition to exterminating 【Metaphysicals】.
Arlene rejected this curtly.
The superhuman power of the 【Saviors】 should only be used to oppose the monstrous power of the 【Metaphysicals】.
The reason was that she agreed with the great principles, ideals and justice that Sir Edward advocated.
Arlene didn't accept any placation, repelled the threats and didn't allow the government to intervene with resolution.
With the pressure of the governments of the other five countries, the US government eventually gave up.
At that time, only about 100 【Saviors】 could be found, and only because their curiosity towards these superhumans took priority, the US government was fortunate to feel something like 【We might find a good way to use them】. They didn't know the real meaning of how amazing Arlene and the others were, they held them in contempt.
Thus, the American Division, like the other five Divisions, succeeded in securing independence.
However, due to this matter, the relations with the US government ended up freezing completely.
Now, when a 【Metaphysical】 appeared, they would provide the information obtained by reconnaissance satellites and would properly control information so that the existence of monsters and superhumans didn't come to light. Their cooperation was minimal.
However, the abundant monetary aid wasn't what they expected.
– But it can't be converted into money. And joining the military is out of the question.
– That's right! I knew Moroha would understand!
Hearing Moroha's impression, Sophia shook her clasped hand up and down, getting excited.
– My boss is an oddball, but she's a good person deep inside her!
Moroha didn't raise an objection to those words again.
He just looked at Sophia's rejoice,
– Senpai likes Arlene-san, huh.
– Of course! She's an oddball, but she's a great boss that everyone follows.
– The oddball sure is emphasized…
– It can't be hidden if I try to hide it. I want Moroha to become familiar with her.
– Hahaha….

Moroha scratched his head and feigned ignorance.
(But I get her…)
On the other hand, his feelings agreed.
Sophia had said that she would definitely return to her native country even though she certainly had lingering feelings for Japan.
He felt like he saw a glimpse of her feelings for America.
(I wonder if this place is full of Senpai's 「feelings for my motherland」…)
He looked at the white house with that viewpoint.
He was more and more anxious about what would that happen to be.
As he did so for a while, he was beckoned by Sophia, who said 「Let's go around to the backyard」.
It seemed that Arlene's workshop was there.
They went around to the back of the house while talking about if Arlene, who should have returned a little earlier, was there.
Like the 「New York Headquarters」, the 「Workshop」 was a building far from the image that word had, but Moroha was no longer surprised.
It was a prefabricated building with an outward appearance that wanted him to call it a backstreet workshop.
Its size was about the gym of a school, perhaps?
The entrance was wide like a warehouse were anything could go in and out, it was covered with a huge double hinged door.
There was a service door next to it, and they heard a voice from the partly-open inside.
– Jee□z, agai□□□n? Didn't I just make one the other day for France? I'm so tired of i□t. A□□h, it's he□□re□□. There's something I absolutely must build□□.
And, he heard someone talking in a tone of voice similar to the one of a spoiled brat, it was the voice of Arlene which he had heard at the airport.
On the other hand,
– Even if you say that, you only waste time and read books. If you have time to play, then work.
And, he heard someone talking in a tone of voice similar to a mother remonstrating, it was the voice of an adult woman which he had heard for the first time.
It was calm, gentle, and comfortable to the ear.
The quarrel continued between Arlene, who threw a tantrum, and that woman.
– From your point of view, it may look like I'm doing nothing, but I'm right in the middle of a discussion with the God of invention that has descended into my brain. I'm not lazing around.
– Here you are again, giving excuses like an artist…
– I'm an artist named inventor, alright!?
– Yeah, yeah. Now listen carefully. France pays the best, no? What is the reason why you can be hooked on inventions?
– … It's all thanks to the hard cash, obviously.

– Then you have to make them with all your heart, no? If you were really busy, you wouldn’t be saying you’re already getting tired of it, right?
– Uuu, that stupid Charles. Treat them more carefully and train your subordinates, please.
– As for me, I would like to rapidly destroy them and rapidly buy a replacement.
– Uuu, Mira, you cheapskate dummy.
In the end, Arlene, who was talked down, cursed like a child.
I see, so this is probably the base of the American Division Head.
After that, Arlene’s □what a hassle□ calling continued, but the conversation seemed to have ended.
No sooner graceful steps were approaching than a woman appeared from the service door.
It was a mature woman who was in her late twenties.
A slender shape that put on a cloak as if hanging on her shoulders on top of a business suit and tight skirt. That matched her bright beautiful face.
She noticed them,
– Oh dear. Welcome home, Sophie. My apologies for your sudden return.
– I’m home, Mira!
Sophia hugged her in a gleeful mood.
– My, my, no matter how much time passes, you’re still a child, Sophie.
The woman called Mira managed to stood firm somehow as she comforted Sophia who used her big body to the fullest and clung to her as if to enjoy the delight of the reunion. Their composition looked like uneven sisters.
After Moroha watched them over for a moment so as to not get in their way,
– That’s not true. At Akane Academy, Sophie-senpai is a very reliable person.
He backed her up at the right time.
With that, Sophia separated from Mira,
– I will introduce──
– It’s okay, that’s not necessary. You’re Haimura-sama, yes? Thank you for helping us this time.
The woman called Mira asked for a handshake.
– Not at all. I’m really indebted to Sophie-senpai on a daily basis, so this is a repayment.
– How kind. The rumor appears to be quite true.
She smiled gracefully.
His heart ended up racing a little when he felt the sex appeal of an adult, a type that wasn’t around Moroha.
– I will have the privilege of greeting you again later. It is cold, is it not? Please, come in. Feel free to scold this stupid girl once or twice, she’s not even able to go and pick you up properly.
She left the headquarters, leaving behind some words that he couldn’t tell whether she was joking or being serious.
Her eyes were completely serious though.

– Hahaha… then, shall we go in?
Moroha entered the workshop from the service door while speaking ambiguously.
There was no one inside.
Thanks to the emptiness, the ceiling felt way too high.
There was only a cauldron, like the ones used by witches in fairy tales, in the corner.
However, thanks to the burning fire at the bottom of the iron pot, the inside of the workshop was warm, and Moroha took a breather.
On the other hand, strange things were scattered all around on the floor.
To the eyes of Moroha, they looked like clay work. They were still unfinished.
They had a great variety of shapes, some were large, some were small.
Something like a gun, something like a sword, something like an accessory, something like a dog figure, something like a robot, something indescribable──
When Moroha stared at his feet closely,
– Jeez, boss! You're so mean, leaving us behind!
Sophia, who came in after him, closed the service door.
– Hmm? What do you mean by "leaving us behind"?
An immediate reply from Arlene. They didn't feel like she feigned ignorance, she seemed to have completely forgotten about them.
Looking in the direction they heard her voice, the oddball inventor was beside the cauldron.
She got on a small stool and stirred the inside of the cauldron with a long stick.
– Weeeeelcome, Something-kun. Did the long trip tire you? Get yourself comfortable as if you were at home.
She went beyond friendliness and talked to him in an overly familiar tone of voice.
– Even I would like to hold a welcome party right now, but I have to switch to fast work mode. If it takes me too long, Charles, that impatient idiot, will annoy me.
Her child-level shy attitude that he met at the airport was nowhere to be seen.
– And Mira is so nagging! I'll have Something-kun tell her 「Take care of the Division Head more」, 「Let her do her hobbies as much as she wants」 and 「Your personal expenses, now multiplied by 10」. If the S-Rank-kun were to say that, I'm sure Mira will reflect on it.
She even made an impudent begging.
(Did she get used to me?)
(Yes! But it was too fast. This may be a record)
(I wonder if it's a record to be pleased about…)
(Absolutely. Moroha was accepted by the boss. When you are in America, getting to feel like you're really with your family is good, no?)

For a moment, Sophia hugged his shoulders.
Whatever that endearing was, it was never a bad thing to worry about.
In the meantime, Arlene used a long ladle to scoop something out of the cauldron.
Something like clay.
Heaps of it were piled up on the floor.
Arlene, who wondered if she had scooped up the necessary amount, got off the small stool and sat cross-legged in front of the pile of clay.
Then started kneading it with both hands.
– So tedious, so tedious ♪ That Charles is terribly tedious ♪ I was rejected ♪ By Something-chan ♪.
She sang an out-of-tune song to herself and began to knead it languidly.
(Is this… fast work?)
For Moroha, she only seemed to do nothing.
(You'll understand once you see it)
Sophia's voice was mixed with something a little bitter.
(Oh, since it's a secret of the division, do I have to go outside?)
(No, that's not a problem. The annoying Mira told Moroha to come inside. Moroha came from a distant place, and you're special, so she wants you to feel relieved)
(It'd be great if it's that…)
(Rather, I'm worried that Moroha might be shocked when he sees it…)
(…?)
While Moroha was suspicious, his curiosity won, causing him to inspect the work.
This time, Arlene tore up, separated and made the kneaded clay into small round pieces similar to rice cakes.
She placed one of them on a sturdy-looking workbench and hit one with a hammer she took out of her pocket.
Every time she hit it, the clay made a sound, stretching thinly.
That work continued dispassionately for a while, but—
Suddenly, a sound similar to hitting a hard metal echoed in the wide prefabricated building.
Hitting clay never made a sound like that. However, Arlene kept swinging the hammer without caring about it and the sound of metal and metal colliding continued sounding with a good rhythm.
Moroha opened his eyes wide.
What he thought was clay changed its shape, color and **material property** every time it was hit with the hammer.
It turned into a small metal plate.
Moroha knew well what it was.
An ID Tag the *Shirogane* used to manifest weapons.

– Oh, is this how they are made…?

Without regards to Moroha who was impressed, Arlene threw away the completed piece and started the second piece.
As soon as her hand got tired, she swung the hammer with the other hand. And as soon as that hand got tired too, she lay down, held the handle of the hammer between her thumb and ring finger of her foot and swung it.
In the end, she worked while opening a magazine.
The lack of motivation was still transmitted from her whole body.
– Hey? That shouldn't be shown to him…
– I didn't want to see that either…
At the Japanese Division, ID Tags were valuable, but if they were destroyed even if it was inevitable during battle, a written explanation would be written.
But still, even those who used them, in reality, they used them with appreciation.
Even Moroha had that sentiment. He thought it was a life-saving partner.
But now, when he saw Arlene, who was lying face down, turning the pages of the magazine while laughing heartily and swinging the hammer sloppily with her free hand, he felt that gratitude fading with each swing…. The feelings he embraced were being shattered….
Yup, this is quite a shock.
– The boss loves inventions and new things. That's why she's fed up with being told to make thousands of identical ID Tags.
– … I understand how she feels.
– Nonetheless, for the broke American Division, the profit on sales of the ID Tags is an important source of funds, so the boss has no choice but to accept it and put up with it.
– Is that so…? So, the ID Tags are bought and sold…?
– Since it's a matter of life or death for us too, it's sold at a high price. That's why it's precious for other divisions.
– ……
Moroha couldn't help but recall the lesson of his father, who was a cook, made him hear in his early years.
「You must never look at the other side of a restaurant」, he said.
Moroha witnessed 「The other side of the White Knight Organization」 while making his face stiffen.
Arlene, who was unaffected by his mood, said in a bright voice,
– Wait a bit more, Something-kun. When this tedious job is over, I'll create something amazing, the idea that flashed into my mind a while ago! Then I can thank you. The one who asked for help was me after all.
Even though she was saying something like that, and because she was reading a magazine with her butt towards him, his expectations were zero. Rather, she was a little pushy.
– P-please…
Arlene just shook her hand, turning the pages of the magazine, saying 「Leave it to me」. Her butt still turned towards him.

– … I’m sorry for interrupting your job. Shall we go?
Roger, Sophia said, opening the service door.
Then they noticed Mira coming back from the headquarters.
She noticed them too, and invited him with a calm voice.
– Haimura-sama. It’s a little early, but would you like to have dinner?
Since he was hungry at that very moment, he was grateful for her words.
However, at the same time, it was unavoidable for him to feel a little anxious, wondering if the 「other side of the cooking」 was as safe as he thought.

Moroha passed through the entrance and entered the headquarters.
The interior was decorated like a very normal private house, common furniture was lined up.
When he looked at the condition of it, he was surprised, it was a secret base! The development wasn’t what he anticipated.
Guided by Mira, they headed straight to a large dining room appropriate for a mansion.
However, the interior design used was very family-oriented, so Moroha didn’t have to put himself on guard.
Two women came first to the table and sat and waited.
As soon as they saw Moroha, they left their seats.
Mira stepped in and the three of them lined up in front of Moroha and Sophia.
Sophia pointed to Mira and the others and introduced them.
– They are the four musketeers the American Division is proud of.
The bodyguards and confidants of Arlene Highbury.
They were all A-Rank *Shirogane.*
Mira stepped forward first and began to introduce herself in a calm voice.

– I was slow in saying it a moment ago, but I am Miroslava Różycki. Please remember to call me Mira, Haimura-sama. While I am the deputy division head, do not be too concerned about it. I am like the eldest daughter of my mischievous younger sisters.
– Nice to meet you. You can call me Moroha, Mira-san. Also, if I'm honest with you, having to talk in a stiff manner makes me feel tired.
– Oh…. Then, I'll have the privilege of doing so, Moroha-san.
Mira broke her tone of voice just a little while keeping her vocal sound calm.
Moroha had the impression that she was a bright woman with a strong heart.
Next, the woman on the right, who held a cigarette in her mouth, introduced herself.
– I'm Norma Wilshere. Dropping formalities helps me a lot. I may bite my tongue if I talk slowly like Mira, so I can't do it.
Her age was around 22 or 23. A woman with thick eyebrows and strong will, who had a strong-minded way of speaking, wore a men's shirt and put jeans on her legs.
Moroha wasn't poor at dealing with women like her. She had a little resemblance to AJ.
Her tone of voice was certainly brusque, but Norma seemed to welcome him, they shook each other's hands firmly.
If he were to borrow Mira's words, his impression would be 「the second daughter who is a tomboy and is a little cheerful at home」.
The last person stepped forward,
– I'm Chiquita Cazorla ☆. It would make me happy if you call me Chiki.
She introduced herself in a Candy Voice that matched her overflowingly charming physical appearance*.
*TN: Candy Voice is a reference to the singing voice of Seiko Matsuda and her album Candy (if I'm not wrong).
Her age was around 18. She looked petite, but as she got close, Moroha noticed that the height of their gazes was the same. As a woman, she seemed to be tall.
Her waist location was very high, her face was small and her upper body was small, giving the illusion that she was petite.
The bare legs that extended from the miniskirt were thin, wonderfully long and beautiful.
She wore a number of golden rings around her ankles, making a rattling sound every time she walked.
– How is Moroha called in Japan? Morley? Morph?
To the attractive girl who hugged him innocently,
– That would make Japanese people laugh. Just Moroha.
Moroha returned the hug while being conscious of not feeling strange.
– Okay, Moroha ☆.
Leaving a coquettish wink, Chiki separated from him.

If he were to borrow Mira’s expression, the impression he had would be 「A spoiled third daughter」.
– Now that introductions are done, let’s eat.
– Huh? Not that you are the four musketeers? Where is the other person?
Moroha presented a natural question.
Suddenly, Norma made a face as if she had bitten a bitter bug and Chiki made her gaze swim.
– Is Lei away?
Sophia stared in puzzlement, and Mira answered in a slightly business-like tone of voice.
– Adeva is having trouble again, so she went to the west while giving them a warning.
– Leaving that to Lei is a safe bet.
After Sophia was convinced, she explained to Moroha.
– The fourth person is Lei; she is my master and the strongest *Shirogane* in the American Division. For quarrels where brains are needed, we have Mira, and for quarrels where physical strength is needed, we have Lei, they settle everything.
She played the role of the 「reliable cousin-onee-san」, so to speak.
Moroha thought it was another unknown person.
And, being encouraged by Sophia to take a seat, Moroha sat down too.
With Mira, who brought the food, the five of them sat as if mixing with each other.
It was the beginning of a lively dinner.
– It’s home cooking I learned from my mother, so I hope it suits your taste.
Mira was a bit uneasy.
Moroha looked around the Western-style dishes lined up on the table with great interest,
– From my point of view, they are rare foreign dishes.
– Oh. Is this your first time trying Czech cuisine?
– Really…? Is that what it is?
Moroha once again took a view of the food with eyes full of inquisitiveness.
Mira, who seemed to be Czech-American, explained each dish kindly to Moroha.
The fried cauliflower with a mountain of homemade tartar sauce was a favorite of the Czechs.
There were sausages of various types, including one made by kneading black currant into wild boar meat, which Moroha ate for the first time. The flavor of the black currant brilliantly adorning the wild boar meat, which was low in fat, was really delicious.
The camembert cheese pickles were superb too. An impact to even blow away a bias like 「Isn’t it better to eat it as it is?」. The bittersweetness of the vinegar tightened the rich cheese, making it melt in the mouth.

The consommé soup was also rich in flavor in the Czech Republic. Cheese and eggs were melted and the garlic worked well. Deep in the simple taste of the consommé, a multi-layered taste spread, creating a unique world.
It seemed that the Czech style had a lot of appetizers, so he could eat and eat without getting tired of them.
The beef stew called Goulash was full of spices. The moment he got careless, saying 「This is a taste found around every corner」, the spiciness would come later. But he got accustomed to it. And the taste of the demi-glace, which felt thick, blew him away with the taste of the gallant spices. He felt the need to give it another bite.
In addition to this, Moroha noticed that many Czech dishes had seasonings that used large amounts of lard or Smetana (sour cream), extracted the flavor and tightened it with spices.
The Czech bread, knedlíky, was a bread boiled in hot water instead of being baked. Its flavor was light, but its texture was doughy, and when it was combined with the Czech cuisine and the strength of its flavor, it became exactly a seasoning. The fact that this was well thought out caused him to be impressed.
Then came the finishing blow, the bramborák, a pancake made from grated potatoes. However, for the Japanese Moroha, this gave the impression 「Of being more an okonomiyaki than a pancake」. He enjoyed the savory-smelling dough he tried several times, the stuff that hit his taste perfectly and the okonomiyaki with potatoes.
– I missed Mira's home cooking the whole time.
The gluttonous Sophia also filled her cheeks one after another with a big smile.
Norma and Chiki were shocked, seeing her eat in that manner, flattening the food like a bulldozer,
– You're really in a growing period, no matter how much time passes, huh.
– You'll never know when she'll go past two meters tall ☆.
– Nguh!
Sophia clogged her throat, and Mira stood up and rubbed her back with a 「Oh dear」.
– Both of you are mean! I'd like you to keep your manners during dinner!
Sophia, who coughed cutely, frowned and protested.
Norma and Chiki just burst into laughter, unable to suppress their emotions.
– Eh, is Senpai worried that she may go past two meters?
– Excuse me!?
Moroha asked a question, being seriously concerned about it, and Sophia blew steam from her head.
– Haha, even needless fear has a limit.
– Yes, I think there's a possibility ☆.
– You *wanna* bet, Chiki?
– Hey! Can you please not gamble my misfortune!?

– You may be close friends, but behave yourselves.
□□□Okaaay□□□
Sophia and the others, who were rebuked by the □eldest daughter□, returned to their meal.
When he thought it got quiet for a moment,
– He――y! How are you neglecting me and having dinner――――!?
Arlene rushed into the dining room while getting mad.
– Oh dear! I forgot about you.
– Don’t forget me! You made me do that bothersome work! Mira, you cold-blooded sleazeball!
Arlene’s claim was reasonable, but no one laughed or supported her.
– You only work once in a while, so don’t put on airs, boss!
– I’ve saved some (unnecessary) vegetables, I won’t eat them, boss ☆.
– I’m sorry… I ate all the meat. I completely forgot you existed, boss…
– All of you are demons! Respect me more like Charles. Comfort me more like Diegua, jee□z*.
*TN: In case you forgot, Diegua is Tekka.
– If so, have dignity like Charles has.
– If so, you have to remember to acquire personal virtue like the old man.
– Fnnnggg.
Arlene opened her eyes wide as if the edge of the words of Norma and Mira had pierced her.
As he watched that series of exchanges, Moroha had stopped eating.
It wasn’t because of Arlene’s discontent, but because it was his first time seeing a Six Head not being respected like this.
But he didn’t think it was a bad thing.
The loneliness Edward carried didn’t seem to exist here.
– Why am I the only one being cursed with subordinates like these!? It’s unfair!
– I consider you my hobby friend ☆.
– You’re lying! This is absurd!
Chiki retorted and Arlene held her head, being vexed, and a whirlpool of laughter broke out again.
The laughter that filled the dining room never stopped.
Moroha felt a mysterious nostalgia while surrounding the table with them.
Of course, even when he ate with Satsuki and the others, he didn’t stop smiling.
But now, this feeling was a little different.
For example, as if he returned to the home of his aunt――

After the dinner, and as Sophia guided him around the headquarters,
– You weren’t able to eat without haste because it was noisy, right?
She apologized.
But her facial expression was bright, throwing out her chest powerfully.
As if she took pride in □What do you think of my home?□

– Since we’re talking about the New York Headquarters, I put myself on guard, wondering how ceremonious it would be, but I was caught off guard in the best sense of the word.
It’s a wonderful place, Moroha praised it with a smile.
He understood.
Sophia had lingering attachment to Japan, but at the same time, she kept her precious 「family members」 waiting in America.
If she were told to choose between the two, she wouldn’t be able to give an answer so easily.
On the other hand, there was something he still didn’t understand.
That strong line when she said 「I cannot betray the American Division」.
The circumstances behind it still weren’t completely in sight.
It bothered him, but it wasn’t something he would know in a day or two after coming to America.
Moroha thanked and said good night to Sophia in a relaxed manner and parted from her.
It was still early to go to sleep, but he had better recover from jet lag.
If he counted his departure starting from Akane Academy, his calculation told him that they acted together for almost a whole day.
It was relatively a close relationship, but it was the first time he had been with Sophia for such a long time, and when he thought so, he was a bit moved.
He took a bath (with a jacuzzi!), brushed his teeth and headed to the prepared room.
It wasn’t very large, but it was a warm room.
The cold outside the window felt like a lie.
When he went to bed and put on the sheets, he smelled the sun.
Surely, for the sake of Moroha, it dried during the day.
The smell was exactly the same as what he sniffed in Japan, and Moroha was able to immediately get a peaceful sleep, even though he slept for some time on the airplane.

Chapter 4: The side of the truly brave elder sisters

The next day, his waking was smooth.
Moroha sat upright in the bed and stretched his body, feeling good.
He made sure that the jet lag that was still faint throughout his body was completely gone.
He was invited to the dining room and deliciously ate knedlíky, ham and cheese—a traditional Czech breakfast and enjoyed the welcoming morning in New York for the first time,
– Hey, hey, Moroha. There's something I'd like to ask you ☆.
Chiki, who was sitting down at the table with him, begged in a candy voice.
Moroha was right at that moment enjoying the light aftertaste without sourness of the Turkish coffee (Drinking Turkish-style coffee in the Czech Republic. How multicultural!).
– If it's something that I can do.
He put down the cup and nonchalantly promised without due consideration.
Then Norma took over the conversation and,
– It's the first time we meet an S-Rank other than our boss. I can't help being incredibly curious about how strong you are.
After the meal, she held a cigarette in her mouth and lighted it.
She expertly puffed the cigarette.
Moroha didn't fail to notice. Norma didn't use a lighter, and the tip of the cigarette was lighted on its own. She probably was a Flame 「Mars」 user just like Shiba Akira.
– That's why we'd like you to sweat with us a bit ☆.
The murderous and cute upturned eyes of Chiki.
In other words, they were requesting a bout with Moroha.
As if half-chiding her 「younger」 sisters, Mira also turned partially toward Moroha,
– You can turn them down, you know? You don't have to reveal your cards to people in another country.
– No, I'm cool with it. Let's do that, a sparring.
He answered immediately. Although his duty was only to bring down the 「Metaphysical」, Moroha seriously felt an invisible wall between each

division. He had no skills that would trouble him for revealing them to Mira and the others.
– Fantastic ☆ Moroha is broad-minded.
– You're amazing. You really don't put on airs like the rest!
– Thank you. Let's get ready.
Chiki frolicked at Moroha's readiness and Norma clenched her fist in a triumphant pose. Mira looked apologetic, but her face couldn't hide her joy.
– Well, I think the Six Heads such as Edward are unreserved though.
This sort of thing wasn't a problem for Moroha, and when praised too much, he was embarrassed,
– Despite appearances, Sir is the one who doesn't drop all pretense easily.
Sophia, who was still busy filling her mouth with a lot of bread, said with her cheeks inflated.
– I've heard that several times. I don't believe he's like that deep inside him….
– I'm sure he's different only in front of Moroha. You're special.
He wasn't convinced, but without being able to prepare a counter-argument, he pulled back.
– As expected of someone who is quite intimate with the Six Heads.
– Mainly I'm just dragged into their troubles.
Moroha waved his hand from side to side to Mira who smiled gently.
– Please take care of our boss. She's a shut-in, so she doesn't have many friends.
– And us too ☆.
Norma and Chiki said from the left and right. Then,
– Jee□z. Who is a shut-in□? You two are rude.
The sleepyhead Division Head-sama came to the dining room as she rubbed her eyes.
Mira made her sit next to her, brought a plate and helped Arlene, who was still slow, eat from the side.
A completely □younger and difficult younger sister□ service.
– Hey, boss ☆ We're going to enjoy ourselves with Moroha after this, so why don't boss come too?
– Eh, impossible. Today I'd like not to leave the workshop all day.
– Today too, shut-in!?
Norma retorted with all her might and Moroha and the others spouted all at once.
– S-shutting myself in the workshop doesn't count as being a shut-in. Think with some common sense!
Arlene made a shameful excuse, but no one listened to her.

To the north side of Cold Spring, a vast forest and hills stretched for tens of kilometers.
No matter what kind of metropolis, if one were to go to the outskirts for a moment, the untouched nature stretching out magnificently would be there. This was a characteristic of America. And this place, New York, wasn't the exception.
Moroha, who changed into his combat uniform and wore a coat on top of it, came deep into the forest with Sophia, Mira, Norma and Chiki.
They walked on the hiking trail until halfway and then travelled on foot on the trackless path with 「Godlike Movement」.
During this cold season, the people who enjoyed hiking were naturally absent, it was deserted.
The vegetation north of Cold Spring was lined up with tall broadleaf trees which had thin trunks like the ones on Mount Tsurugi, giving the impression of a landscape getting increasingly bleak.
Sophia told him that the 「Saviors」 of the New York Headquarters trained here regularly. "We aren't within others' sight and it's not an inconvenience even if we showily knock down our surroundings", she said.
When they were far enough away from people, he felt a 「shall we start?」 air.
Moroha, Mira, Norma and Chiki, the four of them, took off their coats and aerated their combat uniform to the winter air.
Sophia didn't participate in the sparring. She was in charge of watching the surroundings so that, in the worst case, civilians weren't mixed up with this. And warned him again.
– We aren't in the martial arts stadium of Akane Academy, so be careful not to injure them seriously.
Moroha nodded deeply.
This was the moment when he strongly felt the usefulness of Maya's mystical barrier. The value of being able to bout with all his power and without hesitation was inestimable. The greatest training environment.
He happened to hear something long ago.
Sophia had too much power and wasn't good at controlling it. Because she couldn't adjust it, she reached the point where she caused her sparring partner to fall into a coma when she went past a certain level, so she couldn't have satisfactory training for a while.
However, instead of heading to correct this weakness, the American Division Head sent her favorite child, Sophia, to study abroad in a suitable

environment called Akane Academy in order to develop and look at it as an advantage.
– It’s okay, I’ll go with 【Saturn】, so I won’t hit them hard.
Moroha made Saratiga manifest from the ID Tag.
He had just seen its 【other side】 yesterday, but when he picked it up, his attachment to it hadn’t been clouded at all.
Like a knife, he stroked it to check how it felt.
On the other hand, Mira, Norma and Chiki, who were standing side by side at a distance from Moroha and Sophia, also finished arming.
Chiki clasped a somewhat small saber in each hand.
Norma had equipped tekkou on both arms that completely covered them up to the tip of the elbows*.
*TN: Tekkou is a cover for the back of the hand and wrist, serves as a fist weapon.
Mira hung down and unrolled a whip that seemed to be many meters long at her feet.
For some reason, all three of them came carrying them in their hands instead of making them manifest from the ID Tags.
Sophia went towards them once they were ready,
– Moroha is your opponent, you don’t need to go easy on him at all!
– Heeeeey, this is different from what you said to me earlier.
– Moroha is facing three opponents, so it’s not a problem!
– Don’t instigate things more than this.
Moroha complained, but it was too late.
Mira and the others looked at each other and,
– If that’s the case──
– To have the chance to practice with a partner of higher skill. It will be a discourtesy not doing it with the intention of killing him.
– Yaay, those aren’t words one can easily say, right ☆ So cool.
That completely worried him.
– … I blame you, Sophie-senpai.
– They are my 【sisters】, so please treat them kindly.
Now that it had come to this.
A three-on-one against A-Ranks that represented the American Division.
The opponents would go with all their strength, while he had to be careful not to hurt them.
What a handicap match was this?
– … Do we start?
Moroha frowned and readied his sword.
He had the sword at the ready only because he frowned.
The sword in his right hand, his chest slightly bent and his triumphant and unique Natural Stance.
The white flame *prana* put on his whole body.
Mira and the others, who witnessed so, suddenly stiffened their facial expression.

– Please. Whenever you want.
Coming to their senses with Moroha’s invitation, the three of them readied their weapons at the same time.
– I will take you up on your offer!
It was Mira who made the first move.
She wielded the whip, her way of speaking different than usual.
Even though she hadn’t moved a step, she reached Moroha with composure.
And it was a strangely silent blow.
Probably due to a technique or a special characteristic of the weapon, he couldn’t hear at all the wind sound that originally should be there.
Probably because it was a restrained and honest attack, Moroha stepped to the side and easily avoided it.
The whip of Mira flew through the air and hit the ground.
It seemed to make a satisfying beating sound, but he couldn’t hear it either.
However, Norma and Chiki came jumping at him as if the silent whip was the signal.
Using 「Godlike Movement」, they approached him.
The first one who swung her two swords and attacked him was Chiki.
Moroha responded with his sword, caught them, diverted the power, and tried to dodge them, but Chiki’s continuous attack didn’t stop.
If he dealt with the right saber, the left saber would come, and if he struck back at the left saber, the right saber would come.
As was the case with AJ in the past, dual wield experts were troublesome.
Her footwork was agile, and Chiki herself moved hectically to the right and left. A number of gold rings attached to her feet reverberated with good rhythm.
– Here I go ☆.
Suddenly, Chiki kicked up her right leg.
The tip of her toes sprung up daringly and vertically without caring if the miniskirt fluttered or was lifted.
Moroha intended to retreat and avoid it at once, but his combat uniform was torn vertically and shallowly.
Chiki chuckled to herself, saying “I got you!”. From her appearance that threw her right leg up and to the front, she gained momentum and went for a cartwheel, the toes of her left foot approaching from above Moroha.
This time, she caught Moroha again.
At the tip of Chiki’s toes, something like a sharp blade of light appeared.
Was this Chiki’s 「Mars」?
No, probably not. The gold rings on her ankle lighted a strange brilliance.
This was her doing.
– Is this an invention of Arlene-san?
Moroha moved his body to the right and avoided the kick with a blade of light approaching from above.
– It is ☆.

Chiki, who finished the cartwheel, didn’t kill the momentum and pursued him, mowing the sword down, then used the momentum to connect a backward turning kick, then continuously pursued him with the blades of light at the tip of her toes.
Additionally, she acrobatically stood on her head, and without caring if the miniskirt hung down, she spread her legs horizontally and slashed at him with the blades of light at both tips of the toes while rotating like a spinning top.
A unique sword technique that should be called a four-sword style that used not only both hands but also both feet.
Because it was amusing and he wanted to observe it for a while, Moroha switched to defense.
He continued enduring the slashes of Chiki with defensive body movements and sword handling.
And──.
Something twined around Moroha’s pivot leg.
It was Mira’s whip which crawled on the ground like a snake and crept silently.
Ancestral Arts Light Technique 【Mercury】.
She tripped Moroha up with masterful telekinetic powers, drawing his attention.
At the same time, Chiki spread her legs 180 degrees from a standing state and sat straight down where she was with a thump.
– Ooooooooooooraah!
Furthermore, at the same time, Norma, who jumped above the head of Chiki who came down, threw a punch at him!
It was a surprise attack that used Chiki as a window blind.
Her tekkou was burning bright red.
A right straight that wore deep red 【Mars】 and was thrown violently against him.
If it were a real battle, he would have the option to cut off her arm, but this wasn’t a real battle.
Moroha gathered *prana* to protect his own left arm and went on the defensive.
The combat uniform reacted to the *prana* and achieved a transformation into a shape suitable for defense similar to partial armor.
A shock and a heat attack came there at the same time.
Given that 【Offense is easy and Defense is hard】, he couldn’t defend against it completely.
On top of that, his pivot leg was grabbed by the whip, and without being able to take a proper defensive posture, he couldn’t escape from the impact.
– … Haaa.
Receiving the blow directly, a voice of agony leaked out.
– Uraurauraurauraurauraurah.
The highhanded rush of Norma.

In order to regain the freedom of his footwork, Moroha mustered all the「Strength」of his pivot leg.
Probably because it disliked the contest of strength, the silent whip ran away speedily and without delay.
Moroha, who became free, faced Norma head-on.
When the flame fist came, he dodged it with a movement of the upper body and deflected the trajectory with the sword.
If Moroha hit her with the back of the blade, Norma blocked it by strengthening the guard on the tekkou.
– It's hard. It's a nice tekkou.
– Whether it's you or the boss, the work of the crafter is guaranteed!
Norma smiled belligerently.
– My flame is a double-edged sword! It gets wild the more heating power it has, a rampant flame that burns even me. However, these tekkou protect me, no matter how rash it gets!
The flame put on the right fist swelled up several times larger.
It wasn't as tricky as the「conceptual flame」of Shiba, and its attack range was limited as well.
However, when only the heating power was condensed in that point, Moroha felt a considerably pressure.
(Being struck by it would be a bad move)
He judged in an instant and jumped back greatly. Thanks to that,
– Uraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
The attack that concentrated all of Norma's might missed the timing considerably, hitting the air.
A chance appeared to counter.
Despite this, the silent whip that crept to his feet again didn't let him do so.
This time, Moroha dodged the surprise attack, but as a result of avoiding the sickle-shaped neck that was about to twine around, he tottered.
On the other hand, Norma took a bending posture while being in a stretched fist stance.
What? He had no time to wonder.
Chiki, who ran up to him from behind, jumped using the gist of vaulting, with Norma as the pedestal!
The secret technique of the four-sword style, in which the blades of both hands and feet that danced in the air while adding complicated rotation and twists were swung around, closing in on him.
Distracted by Mira's whip, he lost his posture.
Far from having a chance to counterattack, the end result was him being pursued.
To intercept Chikita who came attacking from overhead, Moroha*,
*TN: Chikita is the furigana reading for sword whirlwind.
– That invisible short sword──
He spelled a less powerful arrangement of the 1st Rank of Wind,「Breeze Blade」, but,

– I won’t let you!
Mira’s whip moved liked a living thing and tried to entangle his left hand that was writing.
Moroha dodged it, but the spelling was obstructed.
Thanks to that, the interception of Chiki was no longer in time.
– Ta――――☆
A dynamic four-slashing attack that swung the blades of both hands and feet and made them rotate with the whole body.
The blades of her left hand and right foot were repelled with Saratiga, but he failed to catch the blades of her right hand and left foot. Without a choice, he fully exerted 「High Durability」 to cope with it. He opened his eyes wide, looked widely, completely saw through the trajectory of the slashes and concentrated defensive *prana* only on the parts that matched the cutting line. His combat uniform also reacted to the *prana*, hardening linearly.
Cut by the blade, red lines ran on the top of the shoulder and thigh of Moroha.
But shallowly.
– It’s too hard――!? Unbelievable――.
Chiki, who slashed at him, yelled a complaint.
She fell as if falling flat on the ground as she was.
No, she didn’t fall. It was a deliberate landing.
Without a moment’s delay, Norma jumped over Chiki’s back and delivered a burning, right straight.
Furthermore, the silent whip manipulated by Mira approached to hit his back in a trajectory that largely detoured to the left.
(What a terrific coordination)
Moroha complimented them in his mind.
He wasn’t given time to breathe.
He unavoidably had to make time to breathe by himself.
Because he attracted Norma’s fist to the very limit, he avoided it at a speed that created an afterimage.
– Uoh!?
Norma, who felt no response in her hand, was surprised, and then, realizing that she was outwitted with 「Komon」, she grinded her teeth.
With that chance, Moroha gained distance and took a breather.
Norma threw a punch at him again, Chiki quickly hid behind her back and Mira manipulated the whip from behind, aiming at the best moment to interfere with an eagle eye.
Looking at the three of them, Moroha smiled with his whole face gently.

The White Knight Organization regarded coordination as important, particularly in battle.
Most of *Strikers’* special exercises were devoted to that.

The leadership and direction of Isurugi Jin were excellent, he was proud that the coordination powers of *Strikers* were considerable.
However, the coordination powers of Mira and the others were even better.
It was so much better that it made him feel they were in a different dimension.
On a second thought, during the Siberia journey──
Moroha fought eight-on-one against the elite of Russia in Krasnoyarsk*.
*TN: Russia is the furigana reading for “the worst and most sinister”.
Among them, Katya was going easy on him, and the mirror user joined them at the last moment, so he removed them from the calculation.
The six people who fought at that time were all powerful 『Saviors』.
The strength of each individual was essentially the same with only minor differences as that of Mira and the others.
But Moroha was convinced.
If the six people of that time and Mira and the others engaged in battle, the 『three』 would have an overwhelming victory due to the difference in coordination powers.

After recognizing that, Moroha’s thoughts were hectically searching for tactics.
(They have an amazing skill… but **it’s too good to be true**, right?)
In particular, the coordination between Chiki and Norma to switch to attack role with each other stood out.
Among *Strikers*, the oddity of close combat coordination between Moroha and Haruka was by far the best, but they made fine eye contact during battle to make the *combination* materialize.
To make a comparison, Chiki and Norma hadn’t even looked at each other since a while ago.
They had some tricks and secrets.
Precisely because it stood out, Moroha noticed that the unnaturalness of it stood out too.
(… I haven’t seen anything that seems to be a signal, let alone making eye contact… if so…)
He would try that. To be killed by the confused ones was the way of life of the battlefield.
Moroha poured prana into his ears to sharpen his sense of hearing.
Ancestral Arts Light Technique, 『Divine Hearing』.
It was a work to hear even sounds that ordinary people could not hear.
He could hear the sound of the approaching jab of Norma moving fast against the wind.
He could hear the flickering sound of the flames that dwelled there.
Moroha waved his upper body to dodge the fist and heard the sound of the atmosphere swaying.

And, above all—the brilliant melody of the whip that crawled on the ground like a snake, which was manipulated by Mira, echoed like a tune, matching its zigzagging…!
There was something like an audible range in the ears of living things.
If the frequency of the sound was too high or too low, it would be inaudible to the human ear.
Mira's whip emitted ultra-high frequencies, matching its movement.
It wasn't a magic whip that extinguished sound.
It was a magic whip that turned the sound into high frequencies.
Throughout the battle, Mira seemed to use 「Mercury」 to manipulate the whip like an instrument, playing a BGM that ordinary people couldn't hear.
From the beginning, Norma and Chiki used 「Divine Hearing」 and fought while listening to it.
In other words, the trick of their mysterious coordination was the command of Mira in the back.
If that was the case, Moroha only had to take measures.
– Let's exchange blows without running in fear like a small animal, Moroha-san!
Norma threw a punch at him from the front.
As the proverb said, "One who knows little often repeats it", but this was fine. A change Chiki and Mira made, emphasizing the three of them.
Actually, now the zigzagging movement of Mira's whip that was crawling on the ground was flourishing. Moroha grasped that the melody she played was changing to a fierce one like a drum roll, reaching the climax of the tune.
This climax was surely a signal for Norma and Mira to switch.
The flame closing in on him. Moroha readied his sword, met the enemy and took a deep breath at the same time.
(Here!)
And released.
– Ooooooooooooooooooh!!
A roar with *prana* loaded into it.
A blow enough to cut the atmosphere and drown out Mira's musical performance.
At that moment, Chiki and Norma missed the switch signal, Norma kept punching and Chiki bumped into her back.
「「Hey!?」」
The two shouted as if to blame each other.
Moroha didn't miss that chance.
He exerted white *prana* that was gathered on the sword blade and hit Norma's chest with the back of the blade.
「Saturn」, the five-star technique that mowed consciousness.
Norma tried to summon all of her willpower and *prana* to fight against it, but she was swept away by the torrent-like *prana* of Moroha, losing consciousness and falling on the spot.

One down…!
Without a moment’s delay, Moroha swung the long sword.
However, Chiki was a formidable person too, and as soon as Norma was hit, she performed a backward somersault, escaping from it.
She stood next to Mira who overlooked the battlefield in the back, and as she caught her breath,
– Ahahahaha, you’re amazing ☆ I thought that S-Ranks could certainly do brute force approach and nothing else. You don’t even need to do that.
– And **being treated** magnificently like this is rather refreshing.
– Yuup, and while that is refreshing, let’s finish this with a bang ☆.
– Well. … But you’re right. I should do my best at least.
Mira gently turned her free left palm towards him.
Chiki held the saber in her mouth, freed her right hand and turned her palm towards him as she entwined Mira’s left arm.
They were so far away, that it was easy to guess what they, a *Shirogane*, would do.
The entwined arms made the brilliance of the prana swell, and their hands emitted two kinds of power.
Freezing cold air from Mira’s palm.
A swirling windstorm from Chiki’s palm.
They mixed together, formed an ice storm, engulfed Moroha and ran wild.
All three of them, including Norma, were rare 【Mars】 users.
Moreover, the shape of their soul was excellent, achieving even a union technique like this.
The fact that they were called the confidants of the American Division Head wasn’t just for show.
(I got to see something unusual)
Moroha smiled fearlessly.
A desire to tease them sprouted in his chest.
First, he observed the color of the *prana* worn by Mira and the others in detail.
Then turned his left hand toward them and started spelling.
A higher and higher speed, which was possible because Moroha also had the superhuman body of a *Shirogane*.
– Write——
Because Mira was focused on her 【Mars】, the whip didn’t interfere.

There is purgatory in the realm of the dead There are burning fields on earth
Flames become equal, burning good, evil, chaos and everything to exhaustion A purifying, intense mercy

Chanting completed.
2nd Rank Dark Arts, 【Blaze】.

A blazing flame manifested from Moroha’s left palm, which was released like a pack of docile hunting dogs.
It ran through the ground, jumping straight at the approaching ice storm, biting at it.
Hot air and cold air fought each other.
It was so fierce and severe that victory would be decided in an instant. It came to an end with a flashy steam explosion.
Both the raging flames and the ice storm disappeared, and only a striking-like rain wet the floor for a while.
A fleeting rainbow appeared between the trees basking in the rising sunlight of New York.
A perfect rivalry that occurred because the power of both sides was exactly the same.
□□Amazing…□□
Mira put her hand on her mouth and Chiki shouted, staring in wonder.
They realized this wasn’t a coincidence, but an artificial result.
Yes, Moroha saw through the power of □Mars□ from the colors of their *prana* and precisely adjusted the firepower of the Dark Art that he responded with.
– … We’ve been completely defeated.
– Oh well, I have to say that he’s another kind of clever man. It was a great experience ☆.
Mira and Chiki took off their hats to him and lowered their weapons.
Moroha turned his smile into a carefree one and did the same as them.
– Then, that’s it for today.
He proposed while supporting Norma, who fainted, with his shoulder, helping her to stand.
If they were Satsuki and Haruka, the development would be □Let’s have a break then go for another one!□, but Mira and Chiki were already in a satisfied mood.

Chapter 5: The side of the truly beautiful older sisters

After everyone returned to the New York Headquarters, Mira and the others got Moroha to receive Dark Arts treatment.
– No, these wounds aren’t much, they’ll heal right away with Inner Life. Moroha said, but that wasn’t probably the case.
Chiki made a curious move, caused a *Kuroma* famous for being an extraordinarily beautiful woman to report for work and to treat him.
Meanwhile, Sophia was taken to another room by Mira, Norma and Chiki, dragged into a secret talk.
– To think he beat our tiny imagination by a huge margin!
After being struck by Moroha’s Saturn, Norma, who woke up in exactly five minutes as if time had been calculated, talked on and on, being somewhat excited.
– We’ll definitely get Moroha-kun to join the American Division ☆.
Chiki showed a devilish smile on her face as she replenished her energy with a lollipop.
Sophia could do nothing but change her facial expression.
– That’s absurd! Was that what you were scheming!?
– Don’t label our plan as scandalous. He’s a terrific guy, so we have to recruit him, don’t you agree?
– Yup, yup ☆. Everyone is doing it everywhere, so it’s normal, isn’t it?
– Moroha came to help with good intentions, didn’t he!? And yet, it looks like a sneak attack—
– Wait, that’s inexcusable, Sophie!
– The American Division is a good place ☆. Is it malicious to invite Moroha-kun? Or am I wrong?
– No, you’re not wrong… but.…
Being wheedled from the left and right, Sophie faltered.
– Our side is always, always the one being poached, I’m really losing my patience…
– Even if we’re allowed to experience something good once in a while, not even God will go bankrupt at a bargain sale ☆.
– … I get that, but.
Because the feelings of the two became too clear, Sophia made her voice go more and more weak toward the end.

Then she turned her gaze toward Mira, the 「eldest daughter」 and the 「conscience of the American Division」 with clinging eyes.
As she did her office work on her laptop,
– Sophie, you also know that these girls won't listen to anyone once they come out with something, don't you?
Now she replied bluntly as if to say "I can't look after anything but work".
As this was her last ray of hope, Sophia became pale.
– Alright. Now to get Moroha to know about the magnificence of New York.
– Ufufu, what kind of good things should we teach him? ☆
She anxiously stared at her two 「older sisters」 who didn't stop once they behaved recklessly.
– But, but, I believe Moroha will definitely return to Japan.
– We don't know that ☆ And I'm confident in my charm, you know?
Chiki sat on the desk, raised her right leg highly to show off the beauty of her slender legs she was proud of and acted flirtatiously.
– Even Sophie would be happy if Moroha-kun came, right? That way, you don't have to say goodbye to him even when graduating ☆.
– T-that would make me happy, yes… but what's important is the feelings of Moroha himself!
– Calm down, Sophie. We're not getting carried away, thinking we'll get an S-Rank as we expect. The American Division will appeal to him with all its power, but until Moroha returns. We'll respect his will and we'll accept it. I'll ask you again. Is it that bad?
– Uuu….
Persuaded by Norma who had a sincere face, and who asked as if being certainly reasonable, Sophia became completely speechless.
– It's decided.
Mira closed the laptop and gave permission as the 「Vice Head of the Division」.
Norma clenched her fists in a triumphant pose and Chiki polished her nails with a file.
(I don't care anymore. Everyone should be completely rejected and have their hearts broken)
Sophia inflated her cheeks, losing her nerve alone.
– A big woman making a face like that isn't cute at all.
– Well, there's no man who will comfort her, is there? ☆.
– Norma and Chiki have no tact at all, it's destroyed!
Sophia resented her mean 「older sisters」, but because they looked busy, planning a date plan, she was ignored.

Next day. In other words, the third day after Moroha came to New York.
Mira appeared to be busy today. He was told that food wasn't ready.
She apologized many times, but Moroha wasn't a child or spoiled enough to be offended by it.
– I'll have something light to eat somewhere. Good luck with your work.
He laughed, replied and got ready to go out.
Cold Spring, the place where the Headquarters was located, was a rural town, but one or two restaurants for common people could be found if one searched for them while walking. When he put his shoes on at the entrance while having such a thought—
– This is a rare opportunity, so why not going out with me? I'll take you to a delicious restaurant ☆.
Chiki, who was strangely dressed up, started talking to him.
Her skirt length was 10% shorter than usual, and the skin around her chest and shoulders was 20% more exposed.
In any case, it was the best he could ask for. When he relied on her, with a "by all means",
– Alright, since this is even more special, why don't we try going to Manhattan or Queens? I'll show you a lot of amazing shops ☆.
– I don't mind, but aren't those places a bit far?
– It's a little over an hour by train, so let's go, let's go ☆.
Chiki said so and winked coquettishly.
Her gesture and proposal were identically attractive, but,
– Aren't you going to get in trouble if you are far from the headquarters? We don't know when the Evil Spirit-class will appear.
Moroha didn't come to America to have fun.
He wasn't overly serious to the point of being unyielding 24 hours a day, but he wanted to apply a minimum distinction.
– It'll be fine ☆. If it appears, Andou from Japan will contact us and everyone will start preparing for departure after that, which will probably take them an hour. In the meantime, we just have to hurry back.
– If that's the case… can I ask a favor?
– Yay ☆ I'm going out, I'm going out with Moroha-kun.
Chiki cheerfully put on her half coat, wore a scarf and put on a cute hat.
But her miniskirt and bare legs had the same sensation clothes.
He got cold just from looking at her, but it wasn't his hobby to find faults with other people's fashion. More importantly,
– Can I invite Sophie-senpai?
– Nope. It's not a date unless it's just the two of us ☆.
– A date…?

– Ufufu, sounds great, doesn’t it? I really want to know a lot about Moroha-kun as well as getting along with him. And if it’s just the two of us, we can talk a lot, don’t you agree? ☆.
– Well, I also want to get along with you if possible, but.
– We’ll go out with Sophie again, alright? So have a date with me today ☆.
– If you insist.
Moroha complied while scratching his head.
Chiki made a cute face, but her pushing was strong.
That made him fully realize why she was 「the third spoiled daughter」.
From Cold Spring Station, they took the Hudson Line of the Metro-North Railroad to Manhattan.
Although called “Metro”, it wasn’t a subway, but an abbreviation for metropolitan.
An ordinary diesel train that ran on the ground, peacefully heading south along the Hudson River.
The landscape of the riverside seen from the train window was tranquility itself. Moroha mysteriously wondered if this was really the outskirts of New York*.
*TN: New York is the furigana reading for “metropolitan symbol”.
Rather, he even had the illusion of being lost in the world of old American novels like 「Anne of Green Gables」 or 「Little Women」*. He hadn’t read either of them in novel version, this was no more than a mental image he had.
*TN: Just to tell you how these books are written in Japanese, the first one is literally “The red-aired Anne” and the second one “The green grass story”.
Just like when he travelled from JFK International Airport in the DELTA, the green color gradually vanished from the landscape as iron and concrete increased, telling him that the train had reached the city center.
When they arrived in Manhattan, they connected with electric trains and used the Metro this time*.
*TN: Metro is the furigana reading for subway.
The walls were silvery and shiny, the illumination was bright and the passengers lined up in an orderly manner inside the train.
– The New York subway is without a doubt a lawless area…
Once again, the difference in the mental images was so great that made Moroha groan.
Actually, when he was told to “get on a train” by Chiki, he was all nervous in his mind.
– Ahaha, that was true until a while ago ☆.
Chiki told him that, due to the efforts of the mayor and the city police at that time, things had improved dramatically.
And it seemed that the interior of the trains had changed completely. They adopted a beautiful design to reduce the shadows that became blind spots to deter crime and to deter human psychology that said 「It’s dirty anyway, so I can be dirty too」.

– The designer, if I remember correctly, is Japanese ☆.
– Really!?
Moroha was impressed.
To think that a fellow Japanese helped to improve the public order of the subway in a foreign country.
– It's not that unusual. There are many Japanese people living in New York. Especially in East Village. I'm sure it's a comfortable city for Japanese people to live in ☆.
– That's how it seems to be.
Moroha just threw in an interjection without any objection in particular,
– It makes me happy that Moroha says so ☆.
Because Chiki was particularly pleased by it, he found it suspicious.
– It makes you that happy?
– Yup, it makes me this happy ☆. To have the name of the city where I was born mentioned nicely.
Moroha, who threw in an interjection and who didn't mean to praise it that much, was confused by Chiki's reaction.
But, well, he changed his mind, thinking that if that made her happy, it wasn't a problem or anything.
And then, after being shaken by the dirty and uncomfortable metro, Moroha and Chiki arrived in Jackson Heights in Queens.
It was a chaotic city crowded with people of various races, with shops and food carts of gaudy striking colors lined up closely in countless narrow alleys.
– I-I heard that this kind of place isn't that safe…?
– Jeez, why in Japan is New York considered such a dangerous city?
Chiki pouted. That gesture of hers was so cute it was illegal.
– But if Moroha-kun finds it so scary, then I'll walk with my arms entwined around yours ☆.
Chiki's arms entwined around Moroha's arm with a smooth, unhindered action.
– Now it's impossible to be relieved.
– No can do ☆ If something happens to the visitor, I will be scolded by Mira.
– You got me….
Even if he shook her off, the arms of Chiki were as delicate as glasswork, he couldn't do something like breaking them.
– How is it? Are you happy?
– Well… I can't say I'm not happy, you know?
I'm a boy after all.
– Ahaha, that's good to know ☆.
– Ahaha….
Moroha dropped his chin and gave up.
– Then, let's go on a having-a-meal trip ☆.
Pulled by Chiki, Moroha paraded from alley to alley in Jackson Heights.

The first place he was taken to was a Mexican restaurant whose pure-green sign hurt his eyes.
Take-out was also sold at the storefront, so they went there.
The auntie at the store, who was fairly tanned, and Chiki, seemed to be acquaintances, they had an engaging and friendly conversation while the food was being prepared. The two weren't speaking in English, he couldn't catch their words at all. However, this Chiki was more openhearted than the Chiki speaking in English, she looked a little dazzling and lively.
– ¡Hasta luego! (See you later!)
Chiki, who finished shopping and received the bundle, waved her hand and said goodbye.
– Was that Spanish?
– Correct ☆.
It was a simple guess: the auntie was Mexican because it was a Mexican restaurant, so Mexico's mother tongue was Spanish. On the other hand, Chiki's parents seemed to be Spanish from Spain.
– In America, Spanish is used next to English ☆.
She proudly taught him, making her tiny nostrils twitch.
– I didn't know that.
Moroha took an extensive view of the townscape again.
The words he heard from the surroundings and the letters lining up weren't limited to English and Spanish.
There were South American restaurants such as the Venezuelan restaurant with a deep blue sign.
There were also Asian restaurants such as the Indian restaurant with a pure-white sign, a South Korean restaurant with a bright red sign and a Chinese restaurant with a bright yellow sign.
They were lined up in a confusing manner and without any regularity, living together in one city.
The Japanese Moroha witnessed the natural 『melting pot of races』 for the first time.
This city was very interesting to Moroha.
– Don't stand up there doing nothing, try taking a bite ☆.
Chiki half opened the bundle she bought a moment ago and thrust it at Moroha.
It was a taco that even Japanese people knew well nowadays. It was a light meal with various ingredients put between a dough called tortilla. Moroha also happened to eat it at a family restaurant fair.
– … Thank you for the meal.
Moroha sank his teeth into the taco which was being pushed out it with all his strength.
The vivid spiciness of the salsa struck his tongue. However, the fat that oozed from the diced beef steak immediately wrapped up his tongue circularly, protecting it. The crispy feeling of chopped vegetables was pleasant.

But what he thought was delicious,
– The corn feeling of the tortilla is still there, isn't it?
– I love Mexicans after all ☆.
This authentic flavor left him impressed.
Chiki bit into it after Moroha took a bite, then they took small bites by turns, eating it up completely in the blink of an eye.
Chiki then pointed to a Mexican food cart on the street.
– If you like, do we try that as well?
When he looked at it, they were making grilled corn using a grate.
What was different from the ones he often saw at Japanese fairs was that they were sprinkled with cheese instead of soy sauce.
He wanted to try what they tasted like.
– Then I'll buy one for you ☆.
Chiki gave him one and Moroha received it. The skewer pierced it strongly, so it was easy to eat.
The sharp taste of the melted cheese and corn was superb, and if he thought about it, the pizza put on the corn was delicious, so this shouldn't mismatch either.
– There are other tortillas like this too ☆.
As he ate that up completely, Chiki bought a wrapping from a Chinese restaurant.
It was deep-fried gyoza that used tofu skin instead of skin.
– This is delicious too…
– I know right? ☆.
The deep-fried tofu skin was crispy, but it was derived from tofu, so it was still lightly seasoned. A nice compatibility with the rich, juicy minced pork.
– Let's go to India next ☆. Do you know what tandoori chicken is? And dosa? Indian crepes? I like this, with black gram and rice—
As she talked enthusiastically, she bought a tandoori chicken wrapped in dosa.
Moroha admired it as he enjoyed not only the spicy but also fragrant chicken.
– There really are no limits here. This city is fun.
Everything Chiki bought was so delicious that he thought they were scrumptious.
Moreover, there were so many restaurants lined up on the streets to the point he wouldn't it eat all up.
A city where every day was like a fair.
– I know right? ☆. I'm glad I brought you along.
Chiki entwined her arms with his again.
– Let me eat it too ☆.
Being begged so in a candy voice, Moroha did as he was told while smiling wryly.
– Don't we look like lovers, doing something like this?
– Hahaha, we may look like that for the ones around us.

– Oh, Moroha-kun is good at dodging questions. How unexpected ☆.
– Hahaha….
Moroha added a bitterness component to his wry smile. So,
– I'd like to eat sweets next.
– The sweets here are so sweet that they leave you dumbfounded ☆.
Chiki pointed to the restaurant where she bought the tandoori chicken.
– The "dumbfounded" is a little…
– Ahaha, there are still sweets to try! And so many other things I want you to eat ☆.
And──
After that, Chiki made him eat different dishes from different countries.
The peach of the Himalayan dumplings, whose thick skin was plum, had a good flavor. The sandwich held between chickpea croquettes called falafel had a taste similar to the Near and Middle East vegetarian cuisine. The coriander of the Vietnamese fresh spring rolls, which was much more than what he ate in Japan, worked well, and the Turkish kebabs dipped in yogurt sauce were interesting.
Choosing only the stuff that they could eat while walking, the food holding and wrapping up the ingredients with bread-like things never stopped, as if they never got tired of it.
It reminded him that there were as many different forms of deliciousness as the number of countries and the number of cultures.
Moroha had a good appetite, and even though Chiki was slender, she was a glutton, they went around shop after shop together.
He couldn't help but enjoy this hecticness.
The magnificent mixed grills of the Argentine restaurant referred to as "must be eaten inside", the bird meat, pig and cow that made sizzling sounds on the iron plate that they were carried made them feel hungry again.
Colombians seemed to have a sweet tooth. Huge sweets were lined up in the pastry shop. It was said that the rich shaved ice called Cholados were a must-eat, but, as it was expected, they gave up on them due to the cold.
– Ah, I'm full ☆.
– I have no room for anything.
While being wrapped in a happy feeling of satisfaction of having a full stomach, he linked arms with Chiki and walked.
Having enjoyed Jackson Heights to the fullest, he walked towards the narrow back alley just because it was a shortcut to the station.
It was a path that gave the feeling of casually creating a space between shops.
It was on the other side from the street, it was almost deserted.
On the way, he happened to see a Latin American couple in his path.
Forgetting themselves in broad daylight, they kissed each other over and over.
Of course, someone like Moroha and Chiki took no notice of them.

They passed by them while feeling embarrassed.
If Moroha were alone, it wouldn’t be a big deal, but now it was embarrassing because there was a woman in the prime of youth next to him.
– Surprised?
However, the woman in the prime of youth said in a quite indifferent—no, in a rather mischievous tone of voice.
– They are bold, aren’t they?
Without a choice, Moroha returned an uninspired comment.
– That’s because Latinos are honest to their desires ☆.
– Is, is that so?
– I’m not saying we’re licentious, am I? We’re just pure ☆.
– We-well, I have no intention of saying impudent things to others…
Moroha became overwhelmed by Chiki who winked with upturned eyes while clinging to his arm.
He tried to hasten while scratching his head in the increasingly awkward atmosphere,
– Jeez. Are you listening? We’re honest to our desires, aren’t we?
Chiki, whose cheeks were cutely inflated, stopped walking and pulled his arm.
It wasn’t that he didn’t understand what she meant.
There were no people or eyes around them.
When he turned around, Chiki gently closed her eyes and waited with her chin up.
– … Let’s go. If you don’t guide me, I won’t know where to go.
But Moroha replied, sounding troubled. Clearly.
Chiki immediately glared at him with a dissatisfied face.
– Could it be that you think I’m not cute?
– No, I do think you’re cute.
It was the truth.
– Then, do you feel timid?
– Nope.
Moroha waved his head to the left and right.
– Lowering the value of a girl by yourself is a waste.
– What do you mean?
Chiki stared in puzzlement.
– What I mean is: Are you sure about doing this without taking it too seriously? When you have someone you really like, you’ll regret having been so rash, no? Your partner will feel pity too.
– What the? Not that you said “I have no intention of saying impudent things to others”?
– I didn’t think of Chiki-san as “others” though.
It’s a shame, Moroha muttered.
Chiki was taken aback and felt embarrassed.

– I’m sorry for that…. I was the one who told you to go on a date and get along. B-but, Moroha-kun is in the wrong! You’re younger than me, and yet. You’re preaching me.
– Saying useless things are useless have nothing to do with age or position.
Moroha lightly poked Chiki’s forehead with his knuckle and with a □tsk!□.
– Kyanh.
Chiki screamed cutely and reflexively put her hands on her forehead.
Moroha, who was released from a folded-arms state, went ahead, saying □Is this the right path?□
With a piercing voice from behind, Chiki,
– You hit a girl. I’ll resent you for the rest of my life.
– I’m okay with it. If you can reflect on what I said earlier, I’ll be happy.
– How cheeky! I didn’t hear you were a kid like this.
– We understand each other, so dating was worth it, right? Please get along with me who is like this.
– T-this guy□□□□□□□.
Chiki’s vexed voice.
Moroha left the alley while laughing cheerfully.
(He was always smiling, and here I thought it’d be easy!)
Chiki looked up and stared at Moroha’s back becoming more distant.
Despite saying such a beautiful girl will kiss you!
You’re leaving such a cute girl behind without batting an eyelid!
She hated his quickly-moving, hard-to-grasp back.
(Are all Japanese like him!? The samurai code of chivalry I saw in movies!?)
Her forehead, the place that was poked by Moroha, was hot.
(Or is that guy special!?)
Even if she pressed it or clutched it, it didn’t heal at all.
(Don’t lower the value of a girl, he said? That sounds stupid. I’ve never been told that. That’s really stupid. Seriously stupid. Kissing me is definitely better)
Chiki crouched, her forehead still pressed.
And groaned.
– …… Isn’t he going in the opposite direction?
She grumbled in a seemingly vanishing voice,
– ──Ah, no, no! You kidding me!?
She immediately came to her senses and shouted.
She stood up and glared at the Japanese who got carried away.
You see that!? He’s wandering aimlessly without knowing the way.
Chiki laughed mockingly,
– That’s not the way. The station is on the right! We’ll go to the next city, so escort a girl at least, you impudent Samurai-kun!
She ran after Moroha and left the dark alley.
Chiki hugged the arm of the man she suddenly hated on this street she always loved, in this city that she believed the rays of the Sun were stronger than anywhere else in New York.

After taking the subway in Jackson Heights, they returned to Manhattan.
Taken to one place after another by Chiki who didn't let go of his arm, they window-shopped the stylish shops such as Nolita, SOHO and Tribeca in the stylish city, and in Lower Manhattan, they saw the Statue of Liberty from a distance; he fully enjoyed New York.
Time passed fast. It was evening already, so they returned to Grand Central Station.
Norma was waiting there.
Moroha hadn't heard about it, but it seemed they agreed to meet up.
As soon as Norma saw them,
– Hey, Chiki. Isn't your face strangely red somehow?
– W-w-w-w!? Is that so? I can't grasp that by myself ☆ Well, it was hot today, no?
– Huh? It's stupidly cold today too.
– W-w-w-w!? Is that so? Actually, did I catch a cold, I wonder ☆.
– Then go home fast and go to bed.
– Alriiiiight, it's your turn now ☆. Please take care of Moroha-kun.
Chiki arranged so without saying a word to Moroha and quickly ran to the ticket gate.
No sooner than that, she came back, hugged him once with all her heart and ran to the ticket gate again.
Moroha could do nothing but be amazed.
Then,
– Don't pay attention to that stupid opening and let's go, mate.
His shoulder was suddenly grabbed by Norma.
– Where are we going…?
– To New York at night.
– Eeeeeeeeeeh?
That made Moroha raise a voice in disarray.
– To a vendor selling soba at night…?
– Stuupid. We're not children.
Norma laughed just because it was a funny joke.

By the way, ramen was already universally recognized in New York, so she seemed to know what he meant.
Norma shrugged her shoulders deplorably,
– To be frank, it's a waste of expenses to come to New York and not go to a club, you know?
– Club… you say? What kind of club…?
– Don't get scared! It's an adult social meeting place where each person does whatever they want, as you listen to live music, you can dance and relax, drink quietly, smoke without being afraid of troubling someone.
Norma, who said so and laughed loudly, was perfectly dressed up for it.
She wore a luxury-brand-looking black coat and, from below that, black pants with a top-quality feel were in sight.
Both were men's wear.
– Let's go! I'll teach you the Manhattan night scene!
He was hugged around the shoulders by Norma and forcibly dragged away.
He was glued to a woman, but she didn't feel sexy at all.
– P… please, go easy on me at least.
He could only produce a pitiable voice. ―Two hours later.
– We're home.
– We're *hooom*….
Moroha triumphantly returned to the White Knight Organization's NY Headquarters, while Norma returned disheartened.
– It's late, Norma! Where did you take Moroha!?
Sophia, who seemed to have been waiting at the front door, put her hand on her waist and scolded her.
She was so big she had impact.
However, Norma wasn't affected by her and grumbled as she looked at the clock.
– … It's still early evening.
It wasn't a lie, it wasn't past 8 pm.
How did this happen?
Moroha was taken to a nightclub in Chelsea by the highly-excited Norma, but he was asked to show his ID at the entrance of the establishment, and when he showed his passport, his entry was denied due to age issues.
– Mate! How old are you!?
Asked by Norma who got into panic,
– I'm 16….
Moroha, who had just celebrated his birthday three months ago, replied dejected.
– You kidding me…? How am I supposed to know you're an S-Rank at such young age…?
– Well, when you see it, you'll know it….
– All Asians look young.
– I'm in the same academy as Sophie-senpai.

– I surely thought that at Akane Academy you are thrown into an established order as □Savior□ regardless of your age….
– Let’s stop going for conclusion first and applying overbearingly far-fetched arguments.
– It’s just that I can’t simply believe that a strong guy like Moroha is still 16!
—They had an argument and Norma abandoned her nightlife plans.
In New York, including bars, shops that sold alcohol mainly refused minors going inside the shop itself, so it looked impossible that they would overlook that and give in.
It was the largest paradise in the world with all kinds of pleasures gathered, but its rules of use were rigorous.
– Norma is a dummy.
When they explained the situation, Sophia rolled around laughing foolishly.
– For some reason, I’m tired… I’m going to smoke and sleep….
Norma returned to her bedroom; her shoulders still dropped.
– Thank you for everything, Moroha.
– Not at all, it was fun, you know? I’m grateful. Especially to Chiki-san.
– I’m sure she’ll be happy to hear that. But she’s too excited, so let’s keep it a secret.
– Haha, understood.
After laughing a lot together, Sophia told him to take a bath first.
He gratefully did so.
Moroha, who stepped out of the bath and was about to get something to drink and return to the room, headed to the kitchen.
Then, he heard the sound of a piano coming from somewhere.
A piece of music that he seemed or not seemed to have heard before.
A melody full of sorrow, but with an unconcealed mellowness.
Driven by curiosity, Moroha followed the direction the sound was coming from.
To the back of the corridor in the large mansion where he hadn’t been guided yet, to a place Moroha hadn’t stepped in either.
To a room where the door was opened halfway and the light leaked out.
Moroha dropped by and peeked inside.
It was a living room different from the one he got to use.
A grand piano was placed here.
The player was Mira.
She wasn’t dressed in her usual business attire, but in a blue dress.
The top of her shoulders and her chest were boldly exposed, and her collarbone daintier than Chiki and her pure-white nape were emphasized.
The piece of music was about to unfold and intensify.
Her delicate hands and fingers danced passionately to the point of being unbecoming of her, playing the piano.
He didn’t know much about classical music, but Moroha thought it was a good performance.
So Mira had such a special skill.

He leaned against the vertical frame of the door and unconsciously listened attentively to it.
However, it seemed that it was a short composition, the performance would soon come to an end.
Moroha raised his body while still basking in the trailing notes.
– I am ashamed of my poor performance.
Mira, still sitting down, turned her face only towards him.
Moroha waved his hands as if to say “Absolutely not!”,
– What song is that?
– Mozart Fantasia.
Mira was going to play the same composition from the beginning.
– If you like, why don’t you come over here?
– Are you sure?
– Yes. Sit next to me. That way, you can hear it better.
– Is that so? I didn’t know.
As prompted, Moroha sat down next to her.
It was a long piano chair, so there was plenty of space.
Apart from whether this was the place where he could hear it the best, when he came close to her, he could see the movement of Mira’s hands well.
Her beautiful fingers carefully and gracefully pressed the keyboard, matching the opening of the quiet musical theme.
They’re very sexy, Moroha noticed for the first time.
Her hands—suddenly stopped playing and stroked Moroha’s cheek.
A surprise attack.
– Huh????
– Women are sensitive to the gaze of men.
Mira explained to the surprised Moroha as if standing to reason.
In the meanwhile, her slender hand continued stroking Moroha’s cheek.
She tickled Moroha’s cheek with the fingers that were sexily playing the keyboard.
Immediately after, she traced his lips with touches and non-touches.
As if to make him half-rise to his feet, a mysterious sensation attacked him.
– Mira…san?
What on earth is this?
What is she doing?
Moroha didn’t understand it, he was bewildered.
Mira didn’t reply, she just laughed graciously.
Only then he finally noticed that, the lipstick she normally didn’t apply, colored her lips sensationally.
Moroha was more and more perplexed by the sudden change of Mira who played the role of the upright and reserved eldest daughter who was serious and hardly laughed.
– Did you have fun going out with Chiki and Norma?
– Y-yes. I had a lot of fun.

– That’s nice to hear. But those children are soft.
Mira brought her red lips close to Moroha’s.
The tip of his nose toyed by her sweet sigh.
– Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.
Moroha bent backwards reflexively and fell off the chair; the momentum was too much.
His back slammed against the floor.
On the other hand, and as if it had gone according to plan, Mira straddled Moroha who lie on his back.
He shuddered. He realized that the feel of her soft buttocks was fully pressed against his abdomen, and that at the same time, he couldn’t move.
An even sensual binding.
An illusion as if being caught by an extremely beautiful snake.
– W-what are you thinking?
– I would like you to join the American Division.
Mira didn’t keep it a secret at all.
She might not be sincere, but her eyes were sincerity itself.
Even the color of lust reflected in them was sincere.
– Why would I do that?
– Now that I have spend a little time with you, I have seen that you have a strong sense of responsibility. If you cross the line with me tonight, I am sure you will take responsibility, yes?
– W…what a terrifying thing to say so forthrightly….
Moroha struggled, trying to escape.
But Mira was not going to let him go by any means.
She looked like a lady who would break when touched, and was also one of the best *Shirogane* and warrior in America.
She looked down at him while graciously wearing a relaxed smile, flawlessly pinning him down with just her bottom and weight. Rather, every time he struggled, the flesh of her butt glued to him was crushed on Moroha’s abdomen, and pushed against him even more, making him taste its feeling.
And the vibration caused the right shoulder strap of her dress to slide down.
Her breathtaking and captivating collarbone became even more visible, and her breasts were gradually exposed from above.
He couldn’t afford to struggle any further…!
When Moroha became submissive together with despair, he accepted it with a surrender sign and,
– I will definitely be a good wife…
Mira brought her upper body down from the straddling posture.
Moroha was troubled by her chest which was half-exposed.
Normally, Mira seemed to have a slender body shape, but the two bulges that were pressed against his face were surprisingly plump.
And they were truly, bewitchingly soft.
His face was covered without resistance. This should make her look slender in her clothes too.

Moroha was troubled by the pleasant sensation of being enveloped by the soft flesh of a sweet woman.
His consciousness was fading, his head was spinning.
– Please value yourself more.
Moroha shouted desperately while being charmed by her breasts.
– Yes, thank you. But I, who look like this, do value myself.
Mira kissed the top of Moroha's head.
Getting an unexpectedly sensitive part caressed by her elastic lips, he felt a chill run down his spine.
– I told you not to do anything that would reduce the value of women.
– Yes, thank you. I understand very well what Moroha-san says.
– If that's the case, then when someone who you really like appear—.
– Yes, thank you. If it is you, I will have no regrets, even if I give everything.
Dammit, I can't get to persuade her!
Moroha grew pale.
Maybe he still hadn't experienced such a predicament.
Chiki and Norma were called "soft", but Mira was evidently a terrifying woman.
How should he escape?
A vicious circle in which he found no answer even if he thought about it, and impatience caused his thoughts to go in circles even more.
At that moment, when he surrendered himself to despair—Heaven didn't abandon Moroha.
The mobile telephone in his pocket rang loudly, notifying him of an incoming call.
This loud tune told him it was a phone call from Satsuki.
– I'm sorry. It's from my sister. If I don't answer the call, things will get pretty ugly.
– Is it really a phone call from a relative?
– I swear to the Gods of Heaven and Earth!
However, it was his younger sister in his previous life.
– Tsk….
Mira got up in exasperation and unmounted him.
Moroha stood up in an instant before she changed her mind.
– Are you blatantly making an □I was saved□ face?
Mira sat down hard on the floor, placing both hands on it.
– I mustered all of my courage, and yet… you're mean.
She outed and glared at him with upturned eyes.
A childish behavior that she, a supposedly-grown-up woman, showed for the first time.
She was heinously cute, far more than a bewitching dress or sensual temptation.
Enough to cause Moroha to make a sound with his throat spontaneously.
– So, given that I have a phone call, we split here. Good night.
Anyhow, this was a way to escape.

He rushed into his bedroom, locked the door, jumped into the bed and answered the phone.
– Hello?
He spoke in Japanese for the first time in three days.
「Hello, Nii-sama? I'm sorry, Urushibara told me it's late at night there, right?」
Moroha checked the clock placed on the bookshelf,
– It's still 10 PM. It was before I went to sleep, so don't worry.
「I'm glad! … But Moroha, where are you now?」
– I'm on the bed in the room I was lend.
「I see. On the bed. … Isn't your breathing heavy?」
– Aaahhh!? Whoa whoa whoa, stop the strange misunderstanding.
Moroha hurriedly—desperately put his breathing in order—using even 「Inner Life」.
It got nothing to do with Satsuki being possibly suspicious of him, but he couldn't confess the truth that he was enchanted by a truly beautiful Onee-san and escaped with all his might.
「… Oh well. Whatever」
Since Satsuki didn't hound him, Moroha stealthily felt relieved.
But it was too early to be relieved,
「It's not that I want to interrogate you!」
Satsuki began to say uneasy things.
– Don't say scary things now….
「Everyone is here, so I'll switch to speaker mode」
No sooner Satsuki said so,
「Hello, Moroha? It's cold there, isn't it? You haven't caught a cold, have you?」
Shizuno's voice was heard from the other side.
「It's 12:11 here. We're on lunch break」.
Next was Leshya's voice.
It looked like the three of them were having lunch.
「Why are you so calm!? That's not the case, is it!? We have a reason for calling him!」
Satsuki, sounding impatient, criticized Shizuno and Leshya.
「Nii-sama, we got secret information from Sophie-senpai! What does she mean by "He was fiercely attacked by an American beautiful woman and now he's ogling at her"!?」
– … That's not true though?
「Your voice says otherwise!」
Moroha ducked his head and closed his eyes in response to the loud voice of Satsuki that seemed to reach him from Japan across the Pacific Ocean.
「Because of that, you easily fell in love with her and now you'll transfer to the American Division, without acknowledging me as your little sister!」
「Impossible. That's not going to happen, okay? I will return. I love Japan」
「Reallyy□□□?」

Thanks to her voice, the face of Satsuki glaring at him with distrustful and scornful eyes crossed his mind.
When Moroha was overwhelmed by the other party who wasn't in front of him,
「Relieved? I believe him」
「Hey, Urushibara! Don't try to earn points shrewdly after betraying meee」
「If you join the American Division, I will accompany you, so I would like Moroha not to worry about it」
「Even Leshya!? *Gets mad*, your social standing is 100 years too early to earn more points than me」
Satsuki snapped at Shizuno and Leshya,
「What are those points you are talking about? I just honestly told him my feelings」
「Pay no attention to her, Elena-san. It's just the warped view of the pitiful Satsuki who eternally fails the Interpersonal Communication Test」
「Is that so? I don't get it well, but I feel sorry for you, Ranjou Satsuki」
Getting severe answers from the left and right, from Leshya and Shizuno,
「Who fails eternally!? When you're a first-class qualifier as a Quarrel Salespersonnnnnn?」
Satsuki yelled in a voice that reminded him of when she had teary eyes.
After that, every single time an unlistenable quarrel broke out among the three of them.
Moroha was about to end the call.
But his finger stopped in front of the button.
On a second thought, it was fine if they quarreled, he wanted to hear the voices of Satsuki, Shizuno and Leshya tonight.
(I have to thank Sophie-senpai)
Maybe she was worried and took measures when she learned that Mira and the others were planning to scout Moroha.
Then, from the Senpai's perspective, it should be complicated to stop Mira and the others directly.
That was why she relied on Satsuki, Shizuno and Leshya.
Satsuki used an inappropriate expression like 「secret information」, but calling it that way was too much.
Moroha was happy for their kindness and consideration.
Additionally, he was able to hear their voices in an unexpected place.
– Let's not keep going. Let's talk happily if possible. It's a waste of time doing so.
Moroha mediated at the right time, and the three girls sank into silence.
Satsuki cleared her throat embarrassingly, and in a complete change, asked in a seemingly-lonely voice.
「You can't come back yet, right」
– Were the Evil Spirit-class detected, there's no way I could attack it from there, right…?
「Uuu…」

【Can you stop being unreasonable, Satsuki?】
【Okay, okay. I know that, but still】
Immediately after she became loud to that degree, she suddenly went quiet.
【You'll definitely be back by March 14th, right?】
Satsuki asked once more in a wheedling voice.
As everyone knew, it was White Day.
Moroha couldn't promise when he would return, so he had no choice but to speak ambiguously.
But—
– Even if I'm not in time for White Day, I will return the gifts. Look forward to them.
In relation to this, he threw out his chest and took responsibility for it.
【You will be giving back a gift triple the value…?】
– Yes, of course, Satsuki.
【Shouldn't we add interest in case you aren't in time for the fixed date?】
– Guh…. How greedy of you, Shizuno.
Moroha curled up his stretched chest.
– Shizuno-san, y-you're kidding, right?
【10% a day. It cannot be reduced to dimes】
– You're crueler than a toichi*.
*TN: A type of illegal loan charging 10% interest every 10 days.
【If so, come back early, alright?】
– … Now you can't call Satsuki a selfish, can you?
【Ara? I'm a reasonable woman, you know? However, I also want to see you as soon as possible, I have feelings after all. I just thought that if that wasn't transmitted, I would resent you】
– … I know. I really do.
Moroha smiled. Imagining what kind of face Shizuno was doing now, he answered himself that she had the same blank look on her face as usual, and that was a little funny.
– Apart from when I'll be able to go home… shall we go all on a trip when I return to Japan?
【Is that linked to the White Day, Nii-sama!?】
【If so, then just a trip isn't enough】
– T-true…
【I know right? The trip is a threefold return gift of my super giant chocolate cake after all】
【Ara? It was just a giant, oversized garbage】
【What about you, Urushibara? Yours was an ordinary Pocky, wasn't it!?】
【It's not ordinary. It's the taste of my lips. Moroha was very pleased by it, wasn't he?】
【Even Urushibara was happy when I shared a portion of my cake with you, it was so yummy that you were happy!】
【I have no memory of that】

「Do you want me to shake your head like an omikuji until that memory comes out!?」
– I told you to stop quarreling.
This time, before the trigger was pulled, he interceded and Satsuki and Shizuno replied 「Yes」.
– Anyway, it's decided we'll go somewhere. I'll strive to do my best
「Yeah, got it!」
Satsuki finally spoke in her usual carefree and energetic voice.
「You are right. We have no choice but to put up with the gray school life without Moroha, we'll strive to do our best with your words」
– You're exaggerating, Shizuno….
But in the case of Shizuno, it might not be a joke, it was scary.
If she made a sour face──
「Jee… jeez, stop already….」
Leshya suddenly shouted in an extremely sad voice.
He didn't hear her voice in a while, the suddenly, there it was.
Moroha was dumbfounded.
「W-what's wrong, Leshya?」
「Those are my words. What happened to you all? Are you aware of how dangerous the conversion is now? If not, I will have to give you my honest opinion: Even carelessness has a limit」
Moroha shut up.
Satsuki and Shizuno also shut up.
If he were by her side, they would be looking at each other.
「What is the dangerous thing you are talking about, Elena-san?」
「If you don't know, I shall tell you, Shizuno. The conversation everyone is having now──」
「The conversation we are having now?」
「It's a death flaaaaaaag」
Leshya grieved and moaned Kakuya, a tragic heroine.
Moroha shut up.
Satsuki and Shizuno also shut up.
「If you continue such a conversation, it will be decided that Moroha will end up losing his life in combat」
– … Where did you learn such bargain information?
「Of course, it couldn't be elsewhere than 「5ch」. Yes, it's very, very frightening」
Satsuki and Shizuno tried to calm Leshya who repeated 「frightening」 in a trembling voice.
However, it was very hard to do because Leshya blindly believed that worthless and enormous bulletin board.
Moroha also participated, but Leshya didn't settle down easily.
Eventually, it got out of hand as the chime rang and the lunch break ended, telling them it was time to end the call.
「A-anyway, come back early, okay?」

Satsuki said so and ended the call, looking dissatisfied.
Moroha talked to himself: 「I wonder about that….」
But—
That was fine too, he wanted to talk more.
He cursed the time limit called lunch break.
Moroha put the cell phone aside, rolled looking upward on the bed and closed his eyes.
Instead of counting sheep, he fell asleep while ruminating the voices of Satsuki, Shizuno and Leshya.
There was no doubt that Mira and the others were also attractive women.
After all, for Moroha….
(I wonder if I can meet them even in a dream)
Hoping that day would come soon, he quietly fell into slumber.

Chapter 6: The natural enemy of the *Shiroganes*

Fourth day in New York.
Mira and the others looked hectic from the morning.
It appeared that the highest-grade students from the □Savior□ training school in Nevada would come to train, so they had to act as their opponents.
Meaning that this was the preparations that Mira was busy with yesterday.
Sophia, Norma, Chiki and the others, who surrounded the table with him, bolted down the breakfast with great haste.
Moroha ate quietly, feeling guilty.
– Are Norma-san and Chiki-san acting as training instructors?
The two of them nodded while eating, as if to say they didn't have enough time to reply.
– Is Sophie-senpai a trainee then?
– Correct. I returned to my country earlier than planned, but I actually expected to meet them today.
Sophia replied as she filled her mouth with food to capacity.
Come to think of it, they talked about it.
– Because the high school curriculum is different between Japan and America, it'll be a training that mixes children who are different from my original high school year. It's my first time meeting them, so I'll fight to fit in well.
And that's why you have to eat more than usual?
– Senpai will be fine.
Moroha guaranteed full of confidence.
After all, she was the possessor of a friendliness with which she immediately got along well with the stalwart and loner Satsuki.
– Keep chattering leisurely and you'll be late, Sophie.
– The mental image of those around you will be the worst, you know ☆.
– NOOO!
Sophia screamed and refocused on her meal. She didn't seem to have the option to finish in moderation.
– I am sorry for the noise from the morning, Moroha-san.
Like a helpful eldest daughter, Mira, who took care of the meal, called out to him.

That thing of last night still spun in Moroha's mind, but she acted as if nothing had happened. Her figure that carried the food from the kitchen was that of the clean and tidy and family-oriented Onee-san herself.
Thanks to that, Sophia and the others didn't seem to have noticed the incident between Moroha and Mira at all.
That aspect of her makes her a terrifying person… Moroha felt as if he had caught a glimpse of a part of the reason why Mira filled the position of the Vice Head of the Division.
– On that apologetic note, I have something rude to ask of you.
– What do you need?
– Trainees will use this part inside, but I'd like not to be found.
– We won't tell those damn kids that the Japanese 「Ancient Dragon」 has come, there's no way we will.
– Eh? Why is that?
– It looks like Moroha-kun isn't aware that he, to put it bluntly, is already a hero in the world of 「Saviors」. If they know that you're here, the students will make a scene and everyone will want to take a look at you ☆.
– No, saying that I'm a hero is an exaggeration….
Moroha grimaced and denied,
– You serious? Giant people sure are humble.
– Or are all Japanese like him?
– Moroha is just especially stubborn.
Norma, Chiki and Sophia didn't listen to him properly.
– Is that so? Can I ask you something?
– … There are better things to do than training because of me, I'm against it.
Moroha had no choice but to listen to Mira's request.
But it was hard to agree!

The training that made use of the main office was only for the first day, so it was okay for Moroha to go into hiding until the evening.
Mira perfectly prepared a hiding place for that,
– There is no need to be modest, use this place.

And the place that Moroha was brought along was—no other than Arlene's workshop.
– … "Do not enter" is written on it, but.
A huge piece of paper was attached to the gigantic warehouse-like double hinged door as if to seal it.
A note saying 「I'm in the middle of a highly-praised research, so KEEP OUT」 was together with Arlene's signature.
– It is okay, it is not pasted on the service door, is it?
– Err, you're saying that because it's convenient for you, is it not?
– I am just kidding, but be relieved, really. That girl can't go against me.
– Who is the Division Head here?
– That girl, of course. It is Arlene who eliminates the 「Metaphysicals」 and the American Division Head is that girl, I know that very well. However, I take care of the troublesome money management and that girl has to get allowance from me every month, so she can't just be hooked on hobbies.
– Mi-Mira-san is really strong….
– Keep this a secret from everyone, alright? From my point of view, she does not set a good example to others.
Mira spat out calmly with a straight face.
Moroha sympathized with Arlene, saying that it would be troublesome if she were to become someone like Edward, but being a completely disrespected Division Head may be a tragedy.
– I will trouble you for half a day today, but can you look at this? I made it so that you can watch it inside.
Letting the frightened gaze of Moroha pass, Mira presented a Blu-ray disc.
「2-17 Indiana」 was curtly written on the plain surface.
That information clicked in him.
– Is this the battle record of the aforementioned Evil Spirit-class?
– Yes. Although it was late due to some circumstances. I will be doing office work next to you, so feel free to talk to me if you have any issues, alright?
As she said so, Mira opened the service door and entered.
Moroha readied himself and said "pardon for the intrusion" with the disc in one hand.
It was a large space where junk was still scattered.
The cauldron sitting in the back.
Just like the first day, Arlene, who got on a small stool, was stirring the inside with a pole.
– Good morning.
– It's good evening now, is it not, *Something*-kun?
Arlene replied without stopping her working hands.
Her way of speaking said 「Don't you know the correct English?」, but Moroha retorted with a 「Don't you know the correct time?」. However, whether it was her ruffled hair, the thick dark circles under her eyes or her remarks just now, he tried to guess "since when she has been absorbed in this?".

Looking amazed, Mira,
– It’s morning already, you know? I understand your feeling of wanting to immerse yourself in work, but take care of your health.
– I’m fine, I’m fine. If it’s for inventions, then working two days straight won’t break me.
– Two days straight!?
Moroha made his voice sound shrill.
I’m sorry for saying “guessing”, it was beyond his imagination.
Ignoring the horrified Moroha, Arlene stirred the cauldron while muttering to herself.
– For some reason, I’m not getting the color and thickness I expected.
Maybe the snake’s skin isn’t enough…?
Rather than call that kind of thing invention or research, she undoubtedly looked like a witch in a fairy tale.
The other day, she kneaded and hit the clay (?) she took out of that cauldron to create ID Tags in the shape of modern metal plates, but the image gap between the process and the finished product was terrible.
It was as Sophia said. No matter how futuristic the inventions of Arlene may look, the true nature should be called artifact.
– Now, do I need emerald and sapphire powder in large quantities…? Mira will get mad at meeee.
– I will lend you money right away. This time only.
I see, it does sound like an expensive hobby….
– By the way, what are you making now…?
– I told you the other day, didn’t I? A groundbreaking invention for you! Expect and wait for it, alright?
Honestly, he had no choice but to worry.
Moroha was driven by the impulse to peek into the contents of the cauldron, but his father in his gray matter stopped him, saying “Never look at the other side of the restaurant”.
– A――, it’s not working at all――!
Then he quietly averted his eyes from Arlene, who scratched her head, and turned his back on her so as to not interfere with her work.
A sofa, a table, a TV, an audio equipment and even a refrigerator, that weren’t here the other day, were brought into another corner of the workshop.
As expected of Mira, she was meticulous.
Moroha put the borrowed disc in the player and sat on the sofa.
An office desk was installed a bit far away, where Mira opened the laptop.
– What, what? Show it to me too.
Waiting for the startup time, Arlene came to him in a very interested way.
He didn’t mind watching it together, but,
– Is the invention going well?
– Now it’s a little slump. I need to get additional inspiration from *Something*-kun.

As she recited comprehensible and incomprehensible reasons, Arlene sprawled floppingly on the sofa in a bad manner. While using Moroha's lap as a pillow.
– Aah, so comfortable.
The person in question was greatly delighted.
(I see, when Sophie-senpai said "getting used to", she meant "becoming cheeky")
He remembered Sophia's words again and smiled wryly.
– Okay□. If I sleep on this pillow, I'm sure my inspiration will flow out gushingly□.
– … Really?
It wasn't like lying her head in his lap was a problem, but he wanted her to be honest without making any strange excuses.
– It is not a lie, Moroha-san. Arlene's inventions can only bring out the best performance when they are created exclusively for someone. But in order to create that exclusive equipment, it appears that inspiration will not gush out unless she makes physical contact with that person many times.
However, Mira intervened from her side, and because that was the case, Moroha was convinced.
– Why do you trust Mira and not the words of the person in question□?
– Please try holding your hand against your chest and listen.
– Tch, tch, tch□.
Arlene continued touching Moroha's lower leg with her right hand while clicking her tongue like a child.
– Okay□. It's flowing out gushingly□.
She spat out reckless-sounding words.
Moroha got used to it thanks to a being who sexually harassed him more brutally called Kanzaki Tokiko, so he was sadly unperturbed.
– If you are going to take a short break from the invention, shouldn't you drop by the training? You're the Division Head after all.
– I refuse. There're a lot of people, right? They're scary.
As one would expect from a shut-in's remark.
– But then, you'll never get used to new faces, will you?
– Norma and the others should train them perfectly so they really, really treat me like a fragile thing. I'll meet them when said training is over.
– That's something that will take a long time….
– It's the worst, if it were Skype, it'd be fine.
This person was beyond salvation.
Moroha was amazed, but in the meantime, the playing of the disc started and a video was shown.
– Oh, this is.
Arlene muttered while rubbing her cheeks on his lap.
– You have seen this already, no? It's not like you have to watch it again.
– It's fine, really, I'll explain it to you. The important stuff.
Finding reason in Arlene's words, Moroha stayed even quieter.

He changed his mind, wore a serious look and concentrated on the TV screen.
At first, he didn’t understand what was being projected.
The focus was too close, probably because it was in close-up, so the image was blurred.
He could barely tell that the camera was shaking incessantly.
It wasn’t a theatrical movie, but a recording done by someone on the battlefield, so the unkindness in the area was unavoidable.
While the image was unclear, the audio was clear.
The roaring sound of what appeared to be a helicopter rotor was rumbling all the time.
And the angry roar of people mixed with it.
“Don’t panic!”
“Take it slowly!”
“If you get close, it’d be the end of the line!”
And—
A voice saying“Get the camera out!”.
Then the image moved hectically and stopped at one point.
A bird’s-eye view of The Great Plains, where fertile lands and surging hills were mixed.
Perhaps the cameraman waiting for orders in the helicopter turned the camera outside only after receiving the order.
The battle had already begun on the ground.
At its center, there it was, the Archfiend.
If one had to compare it to something, then it would be a Werewolf.
Moreover, it emitted something like a black fog from its whole body.
Using its hands and feet to run at high speed on the ground, it closed in on its prey, agilely stood up and swooped down on it.
It swung its hands with sharp claws, rampaging.
Its eyes were dyed deep red with rage, a state of violent mental agitation in which it drooled ceaselessly from its mouth.
A *Shirogane* of the American Division, which was being attacked by the fierce attacks and violence of what should be called “Berserker”, panicked, protected himself and ran from place to place again. However, the *Shirogane*, who was pressed by the agility of the Werewolf and the intensity of the attacks with both hands, ended up being hit in the end.
The Werewolf’s claws were sharp, but they didn’t look long, and the scars carved into his chest were shallow.
However, because its physical strength was tremendous, his body was blown off like a splinter.
He bounced on the ground many times and finally stopped, but he couldn’t move immediately due to the impact.
The Evil Spirit was about to pursue him like a hungry wolf that had found raw meat.
It was there that Norma’s blow hit it hard in the side of its face!

She saved her companion in the very nick of time.
However, the damage done by the punch was zero.
More precisely, the wound regenerated immediately due to the special characteristics of the Evil Spirit-class.
The deep red eyes of the Werewolf were turned towards Norma.
The target of the Evil Spirit changed.
With a desperate look, Norma fortified her guard with the tekkou and endured the gale-like repeated blows of the left and right claws.
The situation was strange.
When Norma had a bout with Moroha, she should have moved better.
No matter how strong the Evil Spirit was, they would be driven into a defensive-fight only….
As he wondered so, he gave priority to look at what came later.
The one who took the chance as the Werewolf launched concentrated attacks on Norma and sprung at it from behind was Chiki.
One flash, two flashes, three flashes, four flashes—the four blades were driven at high speed, the Werewolf faltered a little, and Norma, who had turned into a turtle, took a breather.
Furthermore, other *Shirogane* butted in, covering Norma and Chiki.
Even so, when the Werewolf howled as if it had rampaged, it spread its long arms, spun with all its might and struck them, mowing down everyone on the spot.
Its battle style was truly the incarnation of violence.
The surrounding 20+ *Shirogane* were clearly inferior.
– I want to see it closer.
Moroha confessed, leaning forward.
He focused on the image so much that he didn’t notice that his chin was being touched by Arlene.
It might be consideration to protect the safety of the helicopter, but the recording position was too far, the subtleties of the battle couldn’t be seen, not even the particulars.
Since the size of the conventional 「Metaphysical」 was large, only long-distance recordings could be taken from a safe area on a helicopter, but that made him realize that the way of doing things would change if it was an Evil Spirit-class.
– Those guys are utterly troublesome….
Moroha gave a sigh of disappointment.
However, it seemed that, at the same time, the cameraman was also losing patience, calling repeatedly 「Get closer!」.
Probably because the helicopter began to cautiously move forward, the Werewolf in the video grew in size slowly.
With this, he could grasp the particulars perfectly.
The Werewolf howled while scattering saliva.
A shrill voice reverberated in the workshop through the camera microphone.

—*Return iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.*
At the same time, a strong telepathic-like emotion shook Moroha's mind.
Prana and *mana* couldn't be seen by ordinary people who weren't 「Saviors」.
Similarly, the 「Metaphysicals」, which were lumps of *satana*, were only seen by ordinary people as "black mist monsters"*.
*TN: monster is the furigana reading for "black mist assembly body".
This was the same through photographs and videos. Modern conveniences such as cameras clearly and faithfully recorded the shape of *satana*. It was perfect, therefore, when an ordinary person saw it, it only looked like a black mist in the shape of a monster, and when a 「Savior」 saw it, the appearance of the 「Metaphysical」 was seen perfectly.
And Moroha knew that this phenomenon would happen anyway even when recording the shrill voice of the Evil Spirit-class.
—*Return iiiiiiit, return iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!*
The Werewolf continued howling.
A dreadful hatred was transmitted to the point that Moroha had goosebumps.
In the video, the *Shiroganes* who heard the shrilling voices right next to it were already fighting with pale faces.
As the camera approached, he could see their fighting style and state in detail.
Moroha judged: "Excluding Norma and Chiki, everyone's ability is around C-Rank, right?"
When looking at **the color of their *prana***¸ they seemed to be stronger, but neither their 「Strength」 nor 「Godlike Movement」 was powerful.
He thought they were certainly more elite and consolidated than B, but was this also due to America's financial situation?
However, they got used to fighting.
No one boasted of their personal bravery or stood out pointlessly.
If they were targeted by the Werewolf, they would devote themselves to guarding and fleeing.
In the meantime, they believed their allies would support them, and in fact, they always helped.
Even if they surrounded the human-sized Evil Spirit-class enemy with 20 people, if one was careless, friendly fire could occur frequently, but it never happened. They weren't too close to get in the way, or too far to support, their sense of distance between each other was splendid.
The American Division had a really high organizational coordination proficiency. He groaned because of that.
However—however, the Evil Spirit-class still had the upper hand.
Even if the *Shiroganes* devoted themselves to defense, the Werewolf knocked them down with superhuman strength from above their guard.
Even if support came and slashed at it from the left, right or behind, the Werewolf regenerated instantly.

If they increased the follow-up and attacked with three or four people at once, the Evil Spirit rotated its body as if it had been waiting for them, swinging its hands like a windmill and mowing them down all together.
Norma and Chiki, who had enough, combined their □Mars□ and attacked incessantly with a flame storm, but the Werewolf ended up blowing it away surprisingly with a strong breath.
(This one… is fairly strong)
Moroha stared at the screen and grimaced.
There was no way it had a huge amount of firepower like the last Headless Evil Spirit.
So far, its only weapons were its both hands and feet and the hand-to-hand fighting ability by means of its fangs.
There was no way its movement was as tricky as the last Silhouette Evil Spirit.
While it was keen and nimble, its attacks and evasions were extremely simple.
It was just purely fast, just purely powerful and just purely tough, and with just those three things, it overwhelmed the elites of the American Division.
A completely ferocious berserker, but the essence of its battle style had a straightforward and even simple approach.
This thing was the most unmanageable thing there was.
– If only B-Rank members or higher had supported them at least.…
– Those kids are all there is, you know?
– Eh?
Moroha was surprised at Arlene's explanation.
Isn't that a mistake or something? Their power and speed aren't enough for B-Rank.
However, Mira stopped her work assignment,
– Thanks to Moroha-san's experience who actually fought against Evil Spirit-class in the past and the disclosure of that information by the Japanese Division, we realized that quality was more important than number when fighting against Evil Spirit-class. No C-Rank was taken along.
She verbally evidenced that, so there was no mistake.
(Come to think of it, the movements of Norma-san and Chiki-san are strangely poor…)
Moroha pondered for a moment and suddenly noticed.
He paid more attention to the image.
A black fog came spouting out of the whole body of the Werewolf.
The moment they were covered in it, the skin of everyone who was in the battle was dyed black.
He hadn't noticed it until now because the image was still far away and the spots on their skin disappeared immediately.
– That fog… maybe it's deadly poison or something?
– Ah, as one would expect from you. That's correct. We call it Wolfsbane.

– She, who became the source body of this Evil Spirit-class, is a user of a medicinal 【Mars】. We don't understand the theory, but we've analyzed that it might have reversed it.
Arlene and Mira explained from both sides.
He understood.
It was a Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit.
Every time Norma and the others challenged it to close combat, they were probably and directly exposed to the poison spouting out of the Werewolf.
It must not be left as is, they had to be detoxified at full speed with 【Internal Life】.
However, because they had to transfer *prana* to that, they would run out of prana to pour into 【Strength】, 【Godlike Movement】 and the Five Star Techniques that were originally required for battle. As a result, they could only display strength up to one rank lower and were forced to a great close fight against an already physically powerful, Poisonous Wolf opponent.
– There are only two 【Light Saviors】 in the world who can fight against this Evil Spirit-class head-on.
Mira closed the laptop and said in a serious voice.
Ultimately, she was concerned about it and couldn't concentrate on her work assignment.
On the other hand, Arlene said in a playful tone of voice as she lay idly on Moroha's lap.
– Diegua has a lot of work and dying suddenly will be problematic, so he's excluded from the beginning. Zhixin can more or less do it, but the source of his strength is his technique. If he doesn't boast his *prana*, this *wolf*-kun'll be a hard opponent*.
*TN: Technique is the furigana reading for kung-fu.
Her way of saying it was harsh but accurate.
Excluding those two, Moroha turned his eyes toward the other *Shirogane*,
– In short, Edward, who seems to be unaffected by that poisonous mist, is the competent person?
– That silver armor is really over the top. I want to create one like that, but I haven't succeeded at all. It's beyond impossible. So impossible. And frustrating.
Arlene raged as if she was throwing a tantrum.
– And the other one is you—Moroha-san.
Mira turned the look in her eyes into a serious one and stared at him.
– ….
Moroha didn't react at all because he could anticipate that he would be told so from the flow of the conversation.
– Since you have excellent *prana*, you should be able to fight, having even a handicap.
– I won't know until I actually try it.…
– *Something*-kun can do it! There's more, you know? Now I'm making a super item to draw out your power more.

Arlene gave her seal of approval with a good tone of voice and pointed to the cauldron with light enthusiasm.
– If I remember correctly, you say this in Japanese too, right? “Pearls cast before swine”? Wow, sounds like a blessing*.
*TN: The saying means “Do not waste good things on people who will not appreciate them”.
– The more I listen, the more anxious I get, so can you keep quiet…?
Moroha was at his wits’ end,
– Anyway… I get that this thing has the worst compatibility match for *Shirogane*. But there wasn’t any *Kuroma* giving fire support during this battle, was there? If we talk about long-range attacks, I don’t think poison has any relation to it.
He had been watching the video for a while, but no matter how much time passed, there was no use.
The frontline construction of Norma and the others was worrying, they might have to stand and watch without getting close.
– That will start in a second.
The very moment when Mira answered.
A shining something crossed the screen as if cutting it up.
It wasn’t just once.
Like a rain shower, countless lights ran on the screen.
Moroha looked closely at the video.
The true identity of the lights was a cannonball made of mass of energy.
The helicopter, being afraid of stray bullets, suddenly rose. The image was still far from the battlefield.
But thanks to that, now he could have an overhead view of the whole thing, and the figure of the gunner was shown.
It was the American Division Head Arlene Highbury.
The girl who was idling about on his lap was in a resolute and standing posture as if she was another person.
She carried a huge backpack with a steel gun turret that grew like a hedgehog, or more precisely, hidden on her back, and light bullets were fired from its countless muzzles*.
*TN: Backpack is the furigana reading for “back equipment”.
– Amazing, right? Its name is “Becky”. It’s my child too.
Arlene boasted the backpack that seemed to be an invention.
However, Moroha meekly agreed with her.
In fact, its firepower was extraordinary, it had a long range, its rapid rate of fire was excellent and showed no signs of its shooting dying out.
With her alone, there was no need for shallow *Kuroma* forces.
This was Arlene’s fighting style.
– This is why our boss is nicknamed “the one-person artillery brigade”.
Moroha felt that what Mira supplemented was a perfectly fitting sentence.
With this “Becky”, the battle situation will go in their favor, right?
He thought so—but his estimation was soon betrayed.

Countless light bullets flew towards the Evil Spirit-class.
Not all of them hit it.
It ran on its four limbs and swiftly waved its body to the left and right as it jumped occasionally, always dodging the barrage.
Its “I-see-it-all” was perfect, there was no waste in its evasion movements.
It met all three important conditions: speed, power and toughness; it also had a close-quarter killer Wolfsbane and the excellency of its 【eyes】.
(It’s strong… the **best** 【Metaphysical】 I’ve seen…)
A line of sweat ran down Moroha’s forehead.
Arlene, on his lap, stuck out her tongue as if wanting to lick it, but he didn’t have the time to care about it.
He put his hand on her face like a lid without taking his eyes from the monitor.
The barrage didn’t pose a problem for the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit, on the contrary, it plunged forward towards Arlene in the video.
It avoided the shells in front of it with zig-zags, steadily shortening the distance.
“Becky”, which Arlene carried on her back, looked as heavy as its huge size and steel appearance.
Without being able to escape, she just kept barraging it, looking flurried.
To make up for it, Mira, who was escorting her by her side, intercepted it.
Wielding a long whip, she stretched it to trip the Werewolf.
The Werewolf jumped and dodged it with leeway, but Mira used 【Mercury】 to manipulate the movement of the whip and hid it from behind.
Leaving everything up to its 【eyes】 and physique, its movement was of a monotone Evil Spirit.
Probably because of something called reading and estimation, Mira’s surprise attack landed superbly, entangling its right foot.
For an instant, a beam shell pierced the left side of the chest of the Poisonous Wolf whose movements were blocked.
A direct hit to the core of the Evil Spirit that fit in there.
The protective *satana* overflowed from the black heart in an instant to protect the vital part.
It conflicted with the destructive power of the light bullets, and as a result, Arlene’s beam lost the fight.
The heart of the Evil Spirit hadn’t even a single scratch.
However, due to being used, the concentration of *satana* became slightly weak.
– You saw it, Moroha-san?
– Yes.
– If we hit that core with a more powerful beam, we can defeat it.
– Certainly. … But can its power be increased?
At Moroha’s question, and as if to steal the lines from Mira, Arlene talked on and on.

– Of course, that’s a given! For your information, the power of one shot of “Becky” is low because it was only designed to be a child who’s good at shooting a hail of bullets! On the contrary, if it were a child that shoots carefully one by one, it could exert much more power! Instead of shooting big shells, the beams can be converged to the size of an arrow. There’re so many scheme specifications!
– I, I get it so don’t get worked up, please.
As Moroha became overwhelmed,
– But it wasn’t affected by them, was it? Even now, if you shoot at it like this, it won’t make a difference.
He said what had to be said properly and pointed to the monitor.
What received the Poison Wolf was only one shot a moment ago.
It immediately tore off the whip without even trying to escape from the restraint.
Mira tried to wind and handle the whip again, but perhaps because it □saw□it once and distinguished it as a threat, the Poisonous Wolf began to take caution and from there on, it was no longer caught.
The American Division had lost all its deciding factors.
In the video, Mira shouted to evacuate with a bitter expression.
– I think it was a quick and good decision.
– Hmm, I guess so…. Thank you. I feel refreshed.
Resting her chin in her hands on the office desk, Mira smiled with her whole face.
On the other hand, the Mira in the video dragged Arlene out of the steel backpack, carried her in her arms, left “Becky” and fled.
– Aah, my “Becky” ….
The Arlene on his lap recalled and shed tears.
Moroha put up with his pants getting soaked,
– If it can’t be hit, no matter how its power goes up, it’s no more than an impracticable theory, don’t you agree?
However, Arlene was confident,
– That’s why I’ve been saying that we should increase the bullet speed so that thing can’t avoid it after □seeing□ them.
– ….!
Moroha was about to hit his knee but he desisted from doing so because Arlene’s head was there.
– Can the bullet speed be increased?
– If I concentrate the performance on it, yes, it’s possible. However, only five bullets can be shot.
– Only five shots?
– My estimation says five shots are enough. If all hit the heart, we should be able to defeat it.
– … Ah, so no playing bullets?
– If they hit, we’ll be okay, I’m telling you.
– I’m not so sure….

– What’s with you? Jee□z! You’ve been stingy about my invention from a while ago! Then *Something*-kun should invent an amazing thing like □A device that eliminates hunger from Africa with the press of a button□!!
Arlene lay face down then and there as if she was sulking in bed.
He thought that lying face down on a person’s lap was a rather charming behavior.
Being at a loss, and as if to intervene again, Mira,
– I ask you to believe in Arlene. The words about this girl’s inventions are very sincere and accurate. If this girl says she can’t, then she can’t, and if she says she can, then she can. In 8 or 9 cases out of 10.
(So 1 in 10 will fail, huh)
Moroha thought, but he didn’t say anything insensitive.
When he was calmly persuaded by Mira, he grew quite weak.
Maybe it was because she had a certain air similar to his aunt somewhere.
– Understood. Then we have no choice but to create that new weapon in haste.
– It’s done already.
– Eh?
Arlene raised her face as if she had been waiting for those words and cheered up.
She stood up in front of the astonished Moroha and entered the sea of junk.
She dearly grabbed one that was casually thrown down.
That was—a rifle with an unusually long barrel.
From the gunstock to the muzzle, it exceeded three meters amply.
When the petite Arlene held it, standing up, he mistook it for a spear.
As she rubbed her cheek on the gun barrel,
– The name of this child is “Clara”. Please take care of her.
– I’m still *Something*-kun while this child is “Clara”-chan and the previous one is “Becky”-chan…
This inconsiderate side of hers made him think that she was truly part of the Six Heads.
Moroha looked at her with reproachful eyes, but Arlene didn’t read the situation at all.
– You’re looking at me with those jealous eyes again□. *Something*-kun wants to rub his cheeks on her too? Please, feel free to do it, don’t hold back.
– Does it come with a safety device or something?
Moroha stopped playing the video for a moment and fearfully received it.
– There’s nothing to fear! Just like you guys fight using *prana* and *mana*, I fight using my own strength. Should I call it *reprakana* for the time being? If I don’t pull the trigger with that in mind, neither “Becky” nor “Clara” will say anything*.
*TN: Reprakana is the furigana reading for “fairy power”.
As he listened to the lecture next to him, Moroha held the long rifle as a test.
He looked into the scope attached to the barrel.

The inside was thin and narrow, and a cross reticle showed up.
– It has a range of about 100 yards (91,4 meters), and because they’re beams, they advance perfectly straight at bullet speed. If aim at it and pull the trigger, you’ll hit the target, it’s been adjusted for that. She’s a good girl, isn’t she□?
Arlene, who let her facial expression be charmed by her fully-exposed, doting-parent side, began to rub her cheek on the barrel from the opposite side.
– But it’s difficult to aim at it, isn’t it? Arlene-san can’t use □Clairvoyance□. You can’t keep up with the high-speed battles between *Shirogane* and □Metaphysicals□, can you?
It was a poor gun, or more precisely, “Becky”, which shot barrages, was a weapon that made more sense.
– Are you listening? A solution for that has also been done. Don’t look down on “Arsenal” Arlene.
The American Division Head proudly praised her own wares.
Moroha gave her “Clara” back and she held up the muzzle very high like a spear.
– It’s not an exaggeration to say that the strategy to defeat the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit depends on how “Clara” and I are allowed to concentrate on shooting!
She even emphasized enthusiastically.
– The strategy….?
– Yes. One that I worked very hard with Mira.
Moroha put his hand on his chin and thought. As for the basic line taken by them, he had no objections.
Following the explanation from the side, Mira,
– In order to let Arlene concentrate, the stability of the front line, which will never let the Poisonous Wolf break through, is something of utmost importance, don’t you agree? However, it is a difficult task against the Evil Spirit, a close-quarter killer. Moroha-san, you think that not even the well-known White Knight can do it, am I correct?
– He’s strong, but his speed falls a little short. If he were as fast as the Poisonous Wolf, and supposing that he was completely ignored and the rearguard was targeted, it would be difficult to defend against it perfectly.
– Yes, exactly.
Mira stood up as she threw in interjections many times to show that she was paying attention to Moroha’s words.
Arlene, who was next to her, polished “Clara” in ecstasy as if she was tired of the conversation, which was even more pitiful*.
*TN: Arlene is the furigana reading for “original person in charge”.
The hardships of this Division Head and Mira, the Vice Head of the Division, were concealed.
– Well, I wouldn’t say I came thinking it would be an easy fight.
Moroha hung his head, dejected.

– Thank you for your kindness…!
Mira, who was usually cool, gave a broad smile as if blooming all over.
It’s not something to get so glad about, Moroha said, scratching his head with his free hand.
– Is it okay for this person to be simple-minded and laugh?
– Well. If Moroha-san really were to do so, then being able to recruit you while we do this would save us. But you are a perseverant man, and an unyielding person who decides for themselves, are you not? I am glad that Moroha-san, who is like that, gives his consent. I definitely am.
– … You’re exaggerating.
As Moroha scratched his head without knowing what to do, Mira finally let go of his hand.
She returned to her work assignment as if she had a weight removed from her mind.
Bouncing keystroke sounds were heard.
– I’m glad, aren’t you too, “Clara”-chan?” *Something*-kun’ll take care of the most difficult part of the experiment□. With this, I can demonstrate the awesomeness of “Clara”-chan, you know□? I’m so proud, you know□?
He didn’t want to hear Arlene’s words.
Moroha returned to his task while being dejected.
He played the video that was paused.
The Poisonous Wolf let out a scream and relentlessly went after Mira who ran away, holding Arlene.
Norma and the others, who got in its way, were easily mowed down, it didn’t let them to get close.
(As for this thing, I’m the only one, huh…)
Moroha looked at the monitor with serious eyes.
He wasn’t going to play it properly like a short while ago.
But, in that situation, it wasn’t enough.
More seriously. More details. More in detail. More perceptive——

Chapter 7: The sorrow of Sophia Mertesacker

He played and analyzed the recorded video over and over again for almost an hour.
He observed and examined not only every move of the Werewolf, but also the movement of its fingers, and simulated how he would battle against it in his head.
The opportunities in which he could study before battle were rare.
The reason: if a 「Metaphysical」appeared, it had to be destroyed as fast as possible before it caused great damage.
It would be a waste not to make full use of such a welcome, rare case.
Moroha, forgetting about time, concentrated on the screen.
When Mira left her seat, saying 「I will be preparing dinner」, he realized how late it was.
Arlene lay down, using Moroha's lap as a pillow again and the sofa as a bed.
She stayed up all night for two days. Because she wanted to take a rest and he was not going to get in the way, he left her alone.
What he heard was the popping sound of firewood boiling the cauldron.
And the piercing cries of the Poisonous Wolf that came through the TV with low volume.
After a number of videos finished, he pressed the button on the remote control to play the list again──
At that moment, his mobile phone notified an incoming call, and began to ring.
Moroha hurriedly answer it and talked in a low voice so as to not wake up Arlene.
– Hello?
「It's me. The training has finished」
He guessed she was tired, but he heard the voice full of vitality of Sophia.
「Listen, Moroha! I made a friend right from the first day!」
– I had the feeling that Senpai would be able to do it.
「Thank you. That said, I have something to discuss with Moroha. During this time, Moroha lectured Haruka about an offensive way to use 「Komon」,

right? About that, my new friend was worried that she couldn’t do the same technique well」
– Oh, I see. If she’s fine with me, I’ll give her some advice.
The problem was that 「Haimura Moroha」 was not expected to come from Japan, so, in what way would he convey that? Moroha had decided to make them believe something else by using pseudonyms and means. As thanks, that girl decided to bake a meat pie, her specialty, so he was looking forward to it.
「By the way, in the end, where did Moroha hide?」
Should I go to meet you? Sophia suggested.
– It’s okay, I’m in Arlene-san’s workshop.
「Eeh, in that place!? Isn’t the boss a nuisance!?」
Isn’t it usually the opposite? Moroha smiled wryly.
– That’s not the case. Right now, I’m watching the battle record of the Evil Spirit-class, but Arlene-san is sleeping comfortably.
「Eeh, but I heard the compilation wasn’t ready!? I want to watch it too」
Moroha finished the call, deciding that they would watch it together until dinner was ready.
Then, Arlene, who was on his lap, rubbed her sleepy eyes.
– Funya… a phone call…?
– I’m sorry. Did I wake you up?
– No, not at all. Until *that* is completed, I can’t sleep at all.
But you were sleeping like a log until just now, you know? He thought, but he didn’t retort.
– You truly like inventions, don’t you…?
Otherwise, she wouldn’t be able to go this far.
– Yup….
Arlene tore up the bottom part of Moroha’s jacket and underclothes,
– I love inventions.
– W-w-w-w-w-where are you thrusting your face into!?
Moroha, whose belly button was suddenly licked, let out an unthinkable scream.
Was it Tokiko who once taught him the unwanted knowledge that 「A ticklish spot = an erogenous zone」?
The indescribable tickle made him feel chills and shivers, enough to make something awaken.
– This is good」. Inspiration is flowing out gushingly」.
– Please don’t say such things.
– Ooh! God, God, are you there?
– The God of the worst inventions, I’d say.
Without bearing it anymore, Moroha pulled Arlene off by sheer strength. She seemed reluctant to part, and she, who was still moving her protruding tongue, was rather annoying.
– … Please behave yourself already.
– I have no choice. Sacrifices are indispensable for inventions.

– You aren’t sacrificing anything here, are you!?!?!?!?!?
A one-sided, imposed sacrifice on others? The heck?
– I cannot stay like this. I have to try it immediately.
However, Arlene paid no attention to Moroha’s retort and cheerfully went towards the cauldron.
She disappeared into—a blind spot from there—the other side, and reappeared after a short time. *What did she bring and from where?* he wondered, and Arlene, who had something suspicious in her hands again, got on the small stool and threw it into the cauldron.
For Moroha, it looked like the skull of some animal, but forced himself into forgetting it.
– Oh. It’s being boiled nicely□. Oh, God of Invention, I thank thee today, too.
What Arlene had faith in was surely a blasphemous God.
(… What kind of things can she do…? Equipment made for me?)
Although he felt an enormous uneasiness about how she joyfully stirred the cauldron, Moroha had no choice but to look away to restore his inner serenity. Discouraged, he returned to watching the recorded video.
He didn’t get what was being displayed on the first part.
Although the volume was turned down, he could hear the helicopter rotor sound.
He could hear the sound of Arlene stirring the cauldron and the sound of firewood popping.
Feeling calm, Moroha deposited his back on the sofa—
At that moment, the service door was opened vigorously.
– I kept you waiting!
Sophia, who was gasping, presumably because she came running, showed up.
She looked at the TV that Moroha was watching and came to his side being immensely curious.
– This is it? When I asked what kind of □Metaphysical□ had appeared, everyone told me nothing but □A very strong thing□, so I got very impatient.
Then, for some reason, Arlene panicked and questioned Sophia.
– Sophie!? Why are you here? Didn’t you see the KEEP OUT sticker!?
– But Moroha is already in here, no?
Sophia stared in puzzlement.
Moroha had the same opinion. Isn’t it too late for that now?
– T-that may be true, but□.
Arlene was confused.
She was in a state where she couldn’t say “There’re reasons for it”.
Moroha exchanged glances with Sophia.
And, as they talked about that, the TV kept playing the recorded video.
On the screen, the helicopter summoned courage and approached the battlefield.
The cameraman captured the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit even closer.
Its howl could be heard through the speakers.

—Return them, return them, return them, return them, return them right now, oruaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

The bloodcurdling piercing cry of the Werewolf felt like it grabbed them by the collar, drawing them towards itself.
Both Moroha and Sophia reflexively turned their heads towards the TV.
On the contrary, Sophia looked strange.
She stood in front of the TV as if she was stirred up.
On the TV monitor, the Evil Spirit mowed down Norma, Chiki and the others as if being intoxicated with violence.
It opened its eyes wide, opened its jaw as if to split it and drooled and howled more and more.

—Returnnn… everyone, return to meeeeee….

In front of Moroha, Sophia grabbed the TV staggeringly.
Furthermore, she began to tremble as if she was affected by a febrile disease.
What on earth happened to her? He didn’t know.

—Return Viera, return Ash, return Gael, return Nazuri, return Song, return Zagna!

As she held the TV, Sophia stared at the screen with intense concentration.
Her knees slowly fell to the ground.

—Return my family!!!

She hung her head. In a state as if clinging to the TV.
She kept trembling quietly.

—Return Ceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeesc.

Every time she heard the piercing cry, she felt like her body was hit strongly and very hard.
Sophia made her body quiver and kept enduring it.
She, his merry Senpai, was sobbing.
– Senpai!?
Moroha stood up, ran up to her and rubbed her back.
Sophia shook her head from side to side while weeping.
「Thank you」「I’m okay now」. Just that.
But she didn’t look okay at all.
Moroha used the remote control and stopped the reproduction.
The monitor went dark and silence returned to the workshop.

Only Sophia's sobbing voice echoed forlornly in the ceiling that was as high and wide as a gymnasium.
What just happened?
– Lei…. Lei…. Why… did this happen….

With the monologue of Sophia that was mixed in her sobs, Moroha discerned.
Lei.
The name he had heard from Sophia's mouth several times recently.
She was Sophia's benefactor and master, the current strongest *Shirogane* in the American Division and the last member of the four musketeers.
Moroha sharply glared at the blackened TV screen.
—The Evil Spirit-class was created by extracting the soul of a Savior.
In other words, it was the soul of Lei that was used as the core of the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit.
Moroha stared at Sophia.
At her hanging head, crouching and curling up her big body, and at her back.
She was his favorite Senpai who he was always indebted to this past year.
Moroha closed his eyes too tightly then looked in a different direction,
(… What a terrible thing to do)
He grasped his fist tightly.
To the extent that his nails bit into his skin.
– … When?
Sophia, who still hung her head, muttered a word.
– … When did something like this happen? Lei was still safe when I returned home during summer vacation!
– It was right after that.
The awkward Arlene replied while stirring the cauldron as if to run away.
– It's impossible to forget, it occurred on August 28th last year. Lei became the prey of "Invisible".
– Why didn't you tell me!?
– … Nobody was able to tell you. Sophie became emotionally attached to Lei. … To tell you the truth, it wasn't our intention to make you participate in the fight.
Was that why they didn't want to show this recorded video to Sophia?
Sophia caught her breath for a moment, disheveled her long hair and yelled.
– I wanted you to tell me! No matter how painful it is!!
She regretfully hit the floor.
Moroha understood how they felt. This was why he didn't interject carelessly.
– Lei…!
Sophia still hugged close the TV that no longer showed something.
Arlene gave a sidelong glance at her and awkwardly said as she continued her work.

– Don’t brood over it too much. Lei hasn’t died. Her body is safe and is being taken care of as it should be at a hospital in Manhattan.
– Why are you so calm!?
Sophia glared at Arlene severely.
A terrifying gaze.
Moroha saw his cheerful Senpai make a face like this for the first time.
– Lei was screaming… she screamed many times… “return” … “return my family” ….
She took the remote control on the sofa while shaking and played it.

—*Why don’t you return theeeeem!? Why!? Why, why, whyyyyyy!?*

– When boss hears this, she thinks nothing of it!?
Arlene’s hand stopped for a moment,
– … Nothing of it, you say?
– Because boss never stops anyone! Not even Cesc…! Otherwise, Lei wouldn’t be distressed like this!
Sophia kept throwing words.
– She shouldn’t be like this!
The Werewolf in the video opened its eyes wide in anger, squared its shoulders and raised hell this much.
– Senpai, you’re taking out your anger on her….
Being unable to just watch, Moroha intervened.
Certainly, the sorrowful cries of the Evil Spirit were something that drew near his chest.
The suffering the person called Lei had every day was painfully transmitted.
But this problem and the consequences had nothing to do with each other.
It wasn’t a tragedy because she had painful feelings.
It was a tragedy because she was captured by the 『Demons』, stripped off her human dignity and transformed into an Evil Spirit.
Sophia was so angry and sad that her head was in chaos. She blurted out unreasonable things while not being able to put her feelings in order and ended up venting her violent emotions on Arlene.
He didn’t understand her feelings.
However, he felt bad for Arlene.
Sophia herself would surely regret it.
Moroha stopped her and tried to calm her down.
Nevertheless,
– I think nothing of it. Sophie knows that too, right? I’m only interested in my hobby.
Arlene said something that added fuel to the fire.
With a cold look, she didn’t stop working even at the last moment.
– Since I don’t really care about others, not even having a fever will stop me. Sophia’s feelings are telling her she wants to stay in Japan, right? You

can go without worrying about anything, you know? It’s your life, you can do whatever you like. Like I do.
Sophia opened her eyes wide as if she was shocked.
She made her body quiver even more.
She was about to say something.
She couldn’t put it into words.
Only tears overflowed.
And grimaced.
– Uaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.
She screamed, turned on her heels and ran away without wiping her tears.
– Sophie-senpai!
Moroha ran after her.
Her body moved without thinking about consequences.
Sophia’s back ran into the woods from the backyard, leaving the service door open—
He ran after her with all his strength.
How long did they run?
Sophia blocked her own path, bumped into a noticeably large tree and finally stopped.
She put her forehead and fists on the thick trunk and hit it again and again.
Each time she hit it, the bare branches swayed and echoed.
– Senpai….
Moroha also stopped, calling out to her with anxiety as he adjusted his breathing.
– Her way of saying it was bad, but when Arlene-san said she wasn’t dead, she was correct. The worst-case scenario hasn’t occurred yet, she can be saved. Let’s cheer up. And win. The next time the Evil Spirit appears, without fail.
– That’s not it!
Sophia shook her head as if to say “no, no!” with her forehead on the trunk.
– Then what?
– Lei… she’s… Mellein Flamini.
Moroha realized.
That name sounds familiar.
At the time of the defeat of 『Stronghold』, Edward listed the members who were abducted by “Invisible”, and she was one of the five people who were warned to be careful above all else.
He couldn’t associate her real name with her nickname “Lei”, so he was late to notice.
– My benefactor….
– Yes… you said so.
Sophie nodded, her forehead still on the trunk.
And spoke falteringly.

Mellein was the strongest *Shirogane* in the American Division.

Francesc was the strongest *Kuroma* in the Division, and he was in love with her.
Sophia, in her younger days, admired them and always stuck to them.
Those were the dream-like and fun days.
Until one day, Francesc suddenly betrayed them.
He was invited to the British Division and left Sophia and Mellein behind, turning his back on them.
Sophie saw him off with a heartbreak and at the same time, she cursed at him.
And Mellein, who should have been the saddest, reproved that.
– It’s not a betrayal. And this doesn’t mean we won’t be able to meet him again. You’ll understand so soon.
She said so and hugged her close.
But she didn’t think that the day she would understand it would come.
Sophie made a vow: “I’ll never betray you”.
And the years passed.
Every day she studied abroad at Akane Academy she shared the joys and sorrows with the members of *Strikers*.
A life in a foreign country that never faded compared to the days she spent with Mellein and Francesc.
Many times her companions asked her 「Why don’t you join the Japanese Division after graduating?」.
Sophia couldn’t help but be aware of her swaying feelings—and her real intention each time.
This is betrayal, she thought.
She was troubled.
It was Mellein’s words that saved her.
When she returned home, her keen nose noticed Sophia’s feelings and burst into laughter.
– There now! I said you’ll get it someday, no? But it’s okay. You don’t need to feel guilty or anything. Did you hate America? No, you didn’t. You just love it as much as you came to like Japan. That’s not betrayal, you can have as many things as you like. Well, that person decided to be happy. It’s your life, do as you like. You can join the Japanese Division and come back later, saying 「Well, I quit」. The opposite is also possible. If you transfer about 100 times, you might appear in the Guinness, don’t you agree? It’s ridiculous just to worry deeply about it! I’ll be here in the American Division. It’s not like things will change even if a **chibi** like Sophie is here or not, hahahaha*!
*TN: I have my doubts about chibi since it can mean both something like a small fry and a midget, so I don’t know if she’s joking about her being weak or her height.
Nice words of her character and that were becoming of her.
– I’ll never betray you!
The Sophia at that time took it seriously and objected.
But from this day on, she didn’t have to worry about it.

Her determination to join the American Division never changed, but she came to think that she didn't need to be driven by feelings of guilt, even if her heart swung towards Japan sometimes.
She didn't know what would happen in the future—if, by any chance, she decided to choose the Japanese Division, she thought that Mellein would forgive her, so there was no pressure.
But….
But—

Sophia appealed mixed with sobbing as she leaned against the trunk of the tree.
– I… was a child. It was impossible for me to realize Lei's true feelings because I depended on Lei's strength and relied on Lei's gentle words….
And yet, Lei… noticed my true feelings!
The scream of the Evil Spirit-class was the cry of the soul of the 「Savior」 who became the base body.
The deep-seated grudge and sentiments.
Still clung to Moroha's ears.
「Return my family」it said.
A mad-like shout as if it surged from the depths of the heart.
– I was… stupid…. Every time my feelings swung towards Japan, I betrayed Lei again and again in my heart! I was a as selfish and of the same stripe as my boss! I'm too ashamed… to meet Lei.
Sophia broke down crying.
She punched the trunk of the tree again.
No, it should be said that she was slamming her fists against the trunk of the tree?
She hit it over and over, as if to punish and hurt herself.
Her fists were bleeding.
Moroha caught from behind the red dyed fists of Sophia,
– Isn't Sophie-senpai betraying Mellein-san by arbitrarily deciding that?
Sophie struggled and tried to shake free from him, but he **didn't let her**.
No matter how incredibly strong she was, it had nothing to do with it.
He didn't let go of her fists.
Because Moroha mustered the strength of his whole body and grasped them tightly.
– Senpai loves the American Division, doesn't she? But she also loves Akane Academy almost the same, right? That's why she's troubled. If only she had feelings for one of them, she wouldn't have such painful thoughts, but it's not that simple at all—
When Sophia was about to rampage, Moroha wouldn't let her, and then, as power and power argued with each other, Moroha said as if teaching her carefully word by word.
– But that's what a human being is, don't you agree?
He tried to persuade her calmly.

Hearing so, Sophia stopped struggling.
– … So, what do you mean?
Instead, she muttered in a gloomy voice.
Regarding this cheerful Senpai, it was the most unbecoming voice in the world.
Moroha replied to scold her but with a calm voice.
– The Evil Spirit-class is an Evil Spirit-class. It’s not human. It’s just a simple monster. Despite this, and just because that Werewolf is repeating the same screams, why are you deciding that Mellein’s feelings are nothing but one?
– ……!
Sophia churned up her forehead rubbing against the trunk.
– Many of the feelings of the human Mellein-san must be the same as Sophie-senpai’s. Can Senpai assert that Mellein-san, who encouraged Senpai to go to Japan, and Mellein-san, who shouted she wants to stay with Senpai forever, are both the real Mellein-san? And if they’re her real screams and feelings?
Moroha now understood.
Why was the Evil Spirit-class so grotesque?
They were creatures that highlighted, exaggerated and distorted one of the ugliest parts of a human being who had both lots of good and bad things.
– What Senpai should do now is not to repent here and now. What Senpai should do is prepare for battle, win the battle, free Mellein-san, hug her and say □I love you□. Then, face Mellein-san again and talk until you’re satisfied and confirm her real intentions.
– …….
Sophia’s arms lost strength.
When Moroha let go of them, they fell languidly.
– But… boss told me that she’s not going to take me to the fight.
– Oh. Your feelings have become more positive. That’s exactly why you’re my favorite Sophie-senpai.
– Favorite!?
*TN: This part loses its meaning outside Japanese. Moroha said “daisuki” which, depending on context, means I love you. In this context, it means something like favorite, loveable, very likeable and Sophie repeated that word alone (making it sound as if Moroha had said “I love you”), which is less impactful in English.
Sophia suddenly bent her spine as if she had been struck by lightning.
The back of her ears was dyed red.
– Please rest assured, Senpai. I’m going to beg her. In this battle, the power of Senpai can be the key. I’ve been watching the battle record this whole time, so that’s what I noticed.
– Moroha is mean. At times like this, I’d like you not to say anything bad for my heart.
Sophia curled her back again and began to finger the ground with her index finger as if she were a child sulking.

Then let out a big sigh.
– Is it a waste of time to crouch like this?
– Yes, it is.
– Am I betraying Lei by wasting every minute and second of our efforts to defeat the Evil Spirit-class?
– Yes, you are.
Moroha clearly affirmed.
Then──
Sophia wiped her tears and stood up slowly.
A towering large body, much higher than Moroha's.
Sophia, who had finished wiping her tears, slowly turned around.
With swollen eyes, she said embarrassedly.
– Moroha is strict. Just as merciless as when he coaches.
– Yes, I am.
Moroha affirmed, carving a wry smile into his cheeks.
– If I were to cry eternally in front of the demon coach, I would have to do ten laps around the schoolyard.
Sophia roughly wiped her tears with her sleeve.
Moroha waited in silence until she finished wiping them all.
And Sophia showed a shy expression on her face,
– Thank you. Right now, my feelings want to thank Moroha no matter what, but can I do so?
– Eh? Yes. By all means──
Sophia made a bold move before Moroha could finish his sentence.
She blocked his lips with hers.
In English, it was called a KISS.
Due to the height difference, Sophia suddenly bent forward, it was possible to call it a high-speed kiss.
Moroha had no time to avoid it.
Surprised, the stimulating sensation of her lips touching his lips filled his head.
However, unlike that of lovers, it seemed sure to say that it was a 「Thank you」 between a Senpai and a Kouhai, because Sophia immediately let go of his lips.
– Ehehe. Then we have to prepare to win. I want you to join me in a sparring session, coach ♥.
Sophia said so while dyeing her dark brown cheeks in rose color and walked, looking embarrassed.
Moroha was overcome with surprise for a short moment, but he scratched his head boisterously, saying 「She got me」.
Even the slightest kiss was a kiss.
Sophia was an attractive girl even if she was over 190 centimeters tall (6'2).
He felt that the part she touched was still hot.

That evening.
Mira entrusted Moroha with a basket of sandwiches and went to the workshop.
– Good evening.
– It’s good afternoon now, *Something*-kun.
Arlene, who stood on the small stool, was still stirring the cauldron fervently.
– It’s good evening already. You’re hungry, aren’t you?
Arlene didn’t go to the dining room for dinner, maybe because she was absorbed in her research or because it was awkward to meet Sophia.
– I’ll eat later, so just leave it over there.
– Sure.
Moroha did as he was told.
Then fixedly watched Arlene’s work.
He did so for a while, then as if she had run out of patience,
– What? Do you still have business with me?
Moroha nodded once,
– It’s about what happened during the day. Why did you say such a terrible thing to Sophie-senpai?
– I’m only interested in my hobby; I don’t care about others.
– You’re being insincere again.
– Why do you think so?
– Because I know that Arlene-san deeply cares about her friends just as much as she loves inventions.
– Hmm.
Arlene gave an indifferent reply.
But she didn’t deny it.
Because Moroha didn’t say it without a foundation.
Arlene’s self-criticism contradicted the story he heard from Sophia the other day.
If she really was a heartless person who had no interest in anything other than her hobby—

It would be impossible to be on bad terms with the American government.
It would be **logical** to send Mira and the others anywhere, even to the military or the CIA, build an intimate relationship with high government officials, get large sums of money and use them for research.
– You lied to Senpai yet you knew from before that she was troubled about America and Japan, didn't you? It was a good opportunity to say a terrible thing, so you thought that if Senpai was disgusted with America, she would feel comfortable staying in Japan and would be happy… or am I wrong?
Moroha requested her to verify his answer, but Arlene never said YES or NO.
Instead,
– If I care so much about everyone, then why do I let them transfer without saying anything? That doesn't make sense, does it?
– Not at all! It is rational! I certainly think it is.
Moroha shook his head from side to side.
He had heard that all those who transferred from the American Division would do so if they wished.
If the person wished for it and could be happy by transferring, their 『family』 would support them even if they were apart.
And there was one more thing.
The White Knight Organization was originally created to bring down the 『Metaphysicals』.
Even if the American Division was somewhat in trouble by the transfer, if the other divisions became stronger by that same amount, then the world would still be peaceful today.
Rather, other divisions had reinforced their weaknesses because of it, and even strengthened the organization as a whole.
– Arlene-san is very altruistic. Although it's in exchange for money, Arlene-san includes the supply of ID Tags and combat uniforms.
While many of the other divisions tended to pursue only their own interests, her thinking was very broad.
Moroha was surprised and impressed by the fact that there was such a person among the Six Heads.
– Am I wrong?
– …….
Arlene finished listening to Moroha's argument and exhaled a little.
A sigh of disappointment as if she had let out a tense feeling.
– Edward is always lamenting the lack of *Kuroma*, isn't he? That's why our Cesc went so he should be a big help. I'm glad that Cesc is satisfied with his work. He, to this day, emails me faithfully and I look forward to read them.
Her answer was the same as a confession.
Moroha was happy,
– Let's make peace with Sophie-senpai. If Senpai goes to Japan as she is now, it'd mean that she has lost her precious hometown, and that's a waste.

– No, not really. You'll understand soon. Even if I told you verbally, you won't get it. Words are awfully incomplete and illogical as a transmitter.
Arlene's tone was mixed with a bitter resignation.
She had no choice but to say a remark becoming of a shy shut-in.
– Don't say such a lonely thing. I'm not a stranger.
– Huh. You're a nosey parker just like Sophie said. You make no profit yet you poke your nose into others affairs.
– It's not like I'm particularly meddling or something, it's just that I can't ignore anyone.
– If such a kind world existed, I wouldn't be afraid of strangers.
Arlene's retort was ironic and satirical, and Moroha felt like she got him there.
– But, well, I'm surprised that there's a decent guy like you among the eccentrics who become S-Ranks.
As she smiled wryly, Arlene interrupted the work of stirring the cauldron.
She hit her lower back with a gesture like the old people did and jumped off the small stool.
Then she turned around and beckoned.
– Come with me. I have something I want to show you.
Now? Moroha thought, but he had no reason to refuse.
There were stairs going down to the basement on the other side of the cauldron, in a place that became a blind spot from the entrance.
Moroha went down after Arlene.
The first basement floor he arrived at was a modern space that looked like a building floor, with many doors lined up on both sides of a corridor. Each one had plates put up on them, and classifications such as 「Wood」 「Ores」 「Bones」 were written, so Moroha guessed that those were material vaults.
There was a door at the end of the corridor, Arlene was heading straight towards it.
Once he got inside, it was, like he thought, a vault.
Shelves were lined up orderly on all four walls.
However, Moroha doubted his own eyes when he saw the things displayed there.
They looked like displays, or more precisely, iron scraps scattered disorderly.
And nothing that seemed very important was really put there.
(It's a waste to turn a vault that can be used properly into a junk room)
Even though Moroha frowned, he walked up to one of the shelves.
And grasped the identity of the iron scraps that had been placed.
They were the broken remains of ID Tags.
When a weapon manifested by a 「Savior」 was destroyed, it immediately returned to the source, the ID Tag.
At that moment, the ID Tag was partially broken in the same form as the destroyed weapon.

Moroha had broken it many times in the past, so it was a phenomenon he had already seen. Everything on display here might be the result of them being destroyed like that.
So to speak, it was a graveyard for ID Tags.
– When palming these off, I make only one request. And that is to collect the damaged ones without exception and send them back to me. Well, it's a seller's market, not even Charles, that difficult bastard, goes to the extent of opposing every single thing.
Arlene, who came next to him, explained so.
– What do you do with the ones you recovered?
– Look.
Arlene took out a hammer of her pocket and lightly hit a broken piece.
There was a clear sound of iron and iron hitting each other.
At the same time, the broken piece lighted a vivid red light.
The sound and the flash were momentary, but Moroha certainly witnessed them.
– It's beautiful, isn't it?
Arlene proudly said and hit the broken piece here and there like a musical instrument.
Sounds were made continuously, all sorts of brilliance were lighted, disappearing ephemerally.
It shone not only in red but also in blue, yellow, green, peach, indigo, orange—in an infinite variety of colors, it was truly beautiful.
– Is this… the brilliance of *prana*?
– Correct. The prana of the owner who used it is spread all around it, there's still some of it.
It won't shine if this hammer doesn't hit it though, Arlene added.
– Within my collection, these are the ones I like the most.
Arlene moved to the front of the shelf in the back.
The number of items displayed there was small, and the two who were just right in the middle were carefully displayed.
– Pay attention, okay?
Arlene hit one.
A purple light shone brilliantly, which was different from the ones so far.
Arlene hit the other one.
A white light shone brightly, as if it was the sun above the ground.
– Do you get it?
Arlene asked quietly with a slightly mean tone of voice.
Moroha gave an immediate reply.
– Are those the ID Tags that Edward and I used?
Concisely, it was a familiar brilliance.
– Correct. They were sent by principal *Something* of Akane Academy.
– Sensei? Not only mine but Edward's too?
There was something strange.
When he cocked his head in puzzlement, Arlene said as if to put on airs.

– Last June, Edward went to Japan. There, he came across an unbelievably strong boy, he was hostile towards him and, in the end, it became a showy battle where even an incantation hit him hard.
– Hahahaha….
Moroha didn’t want to think who the unbelievably strong boy was, but he wore a dry smile on his face.
– It was an extremely fierce battle, and both seem to have lost their weapons. After that, Principal *Something* recovered the broken pieces left behind on the battlefield.
– Hahahaha….
He knew nothing about the recovery, but he remembered it broke during the battle.
He had the confusing memory that, the next day, Edward suddenly came to the apartment of the school principal, the place where he had taken refuge, and it was bad, he had no weapon!
– Don’t you think it’s strange?
– ? What?
– Edward and *Something*-kun were fighting inside the mystical barrier of the “Little Witch of Dream and Reality”, no?
Moroha caught his breath.
At that time, he was distracted by the awesomeness of fighting an S-Rank for the first time and the joy that Shizuno was saved…. When thinking very carefully about it, his broken ID Tag inside Maya’s 「Field of Dreams」 restored when he left the barrier, but it was strange that it didn’t fit in his breast pocket.
– Why… did something like this happen?
In fact, Moroha fixedly stared at the evidence that existed here.
His name and Edward’s name could be glimpsed from the broken and cracked ID Tags.
– This is only my assumption, but the collision between your *prana* and Edward’s *prana* was so great that it exceeded the capacity of the mystical barrier, and as a result, it couldn’t reset the 「Settled event that it was broken」, don’t you agree?
Arlene’s expression was somewhat bothersome, but he was able to instinctively agree.
Last month, Moroha just made the mystical barrier of Maya collapse when he and Shiba let their powers fight each other.
– While making such assumption, I’ve been thinking the whole time——
Arlene slowly hit only one of them with a good rhythm.
The mere shadow of the ID Tag’s former, which was once used by Moroha, lighted a white light intermittently.
– “What kind of boy is the owner of this ID Tag who has done such amazing things?”.
Arlene stopped her hand and stared at him.
And said as if whispering in a calm tone.

– I've always been interested in you—*Moroha*-kun.

A shockingly mature face.
It was a surprise attack.
Originally, she would soon be a 20-year-old woman, so he shouldn't need to be surprised at all.
The usual shy, shut-in and slovenly Arlene-ness vanished.
Even if he was told right now that she was the Head of the American Division, he could honestly believe so.
– Even if I'm interested, I can control myself, you know? When the Evil Spirit-class can be defeated, you'll try to return immediately no matter what Mira and the others have planned, so I stuck to being a professional. But if *Moroha*-kun treats me kindly like this, even I will take a liking to you. What will you do? Will you take responsibility?
– Well… hahaha….
– I'm asking too much, I know. *Moroha*-kun has a lot of important things in Japan after all.
Arlene poked Moroha's left side of the chest with her index finger.
Moroha stopped deceiving her with a forced smile and nodded sincerely.
Arlene then stopped poking and hugged him, putting her head on his chest.
– Sorry, I made you come this far.
– I'm glad I was able to meet everyone, I think so even now.
– Thank you. *Moroha*-kun is a guy who really doesn't look like an S-Rank.
Arlene raised her face and wore a carefree smile.

What a nice expression, Moroha thought.
– I had to bow my head to Andou to get permission from the Japanese Division to get you come. I'm worried about how expensive it was, but… in the end, I'm glad I chose you.
She said in the form of a joke, but it wasn't really a pleasant conversation.
Because it didn't matter what one owed someone or whether they sold their soul to the devil, there were people who would want to take it back.
Arlene seemed to have done so.
She wasn't all talk.
Because she thought that Mellein was her family too.
She must have decided.
And to repay her feelings—
– I'll do my best.
Moroha answered briefly.
In a strong tone.

He straightened his back, made up his mind and resolutely threw out his chest.

Chapter 8: Come back!

It had been 11 days since Moroha came to America.
On a certain afternoon in early March when the calendar changed.
A shock ran through New York main office.
The news of an「Evil Spirit-class detected」 finally made its way from the Japanese Division.
All the staff members who received the email via Mira started to move right away.
Arlene immediately interrupted development work and got in touch with NRO.
Norma and Chiki, who were instructing trainees in the suburbs, told them to study by themselves and returned at full speed.
Sophia got permission to volunteer and followed them.
The elites directly under the main office who were working from home also gathered in various parts of Cold Spring.
And finally, Moroha put on his combat uniform and hurried to the workshop.
He was told in advance that the workshop became a meeting place in times of emergency.

– They said it appeared in Georgia. Now, let’s get its position pinpointed by satellite.
Arlene, with her smartphone on her ear, told Moroha who managed to be the first to arrive.
She skillfully talked to the NRO operator on one side and conversed with Moroha on the other.
– Is that close?
As she discussed with NRO, Arlene promptly nodded at Moroha who hadn’t left the state.
– How about those clothes?
On the contrary, as she listened to what the operator said carefully, she called out to Moroha again.
「Those clothes」 were, of course, the combat uniform that Moroha was wearing.
A fine item that was completely different from the one provided to all 「Saviors」 under the Japanese Division, including Akane students.

This was *that thing* that Arlene had been researching and developing every day here.
It was a perfect item, tailored for Moroha only.
He honestly could feel nothing but uneasiness when the questionable clothes were made by kneading the clay scooped from the cauldron.
– The feeling when wearing it is the best. Like, it fits my body perfectly….
– Because, you see, it's custom-made.
Arlene threw out her chest proudly.
– But I cannot be satisfied with that sort of thing, you know? It's just the first prototype. At that moment, God, who came down to my brain, is complaining that "it's not it, it really isn't" even now!
Arlene cackled, but she suddenly changed her tone of voice to a serious one, being deep in talk with the person on the phone.
– Yes, yes, understood. Judging from its course of movement, its purpose is probably the same as before. I'll notify the children in Georgia.
She was truly busy, but because she was doing so, he was amazed.
As she continued having a difficult conversion on the phone, she gave instructions to Mira who came second by gesturing.
Arlene, having both strong and weak points, was really another person.
Mira, who received the orders, made full use of her smartphone and laptop and gave instructions to various places by voice and email.
The tall and deserted workshop, which was as wide as gymnasium, became noisy with their sharp voices.
Meanwhile, Sophia, Norma, Chiki and the elites directly under the main office gathered one after another.
– Did you say Georgia?!
– Yes. It's probably moving to attack the branch office again.
– This is bad. Right when we're training children today.
The symbols of the future, which would eventually be the central part of the American Division, would be devoured by the Werewolf.
The imagination of that wasn't pleasant for Moroha either.
Not to mention it was enough to make Norma and Chiki turn pale.
– We just have to beat it!
Sophia clenched her fists and shouted.
– If we do so, we'll save everyone and Lei will come back, there's nothing better than that!
Her big-sized encouragement was impactful; all present showed agreement on their faces again and again.
– Alright! We'll definitely do it this time!
– After all, our side has gathered two S-Ranks, our trump cards ☆.
– We count on you, mate!
– Norma! Chiki! You're depending too much on them! Each and every one of us must not become a hindrance!
– Hmm. I don't know which one is the older sister here anymore.

Mira, who raised her face from the laptop, poked fun at them and Norma and Chiki grinded their teeth.
Laughter came from here and there.
They're in a good state of mind before the tough battle, huh, Moroha thought.
It was Natural Stance.
– Now that it looks like we're all together, let's depart, shall we?
The call finished and Arlene looked around.
The A-Ranks Mira, Norma and Chiki.
There were 14 B-Rank *Shiroganes* including Sophia.
And a total of 19 people, including Moroha and Arlene.
During that, when Sophia met Arlene's gaze, she faced downward and turned her eyes away.
Ever since that argument, their relation had been strained.
After all, Arlene didn't try to reconciliate with her, and Moroha was just frustrated.
However, the battle was top priority today.
Sophia knew that too, and if one assessed the encouragement of a moment ago, the greatness of her determination would be transmitted.
Arlene also cleared her throat and spoke to all present.
– Usually, each of us has different reasons why we fight. Because you want money, you can't bear the thrill, you like your cool self, you love your country, you're proud of justice and the Stars and Stripes—well, there are many reasons, and it's okay going for what you want. I approve all of them. It's a logical thing to do because your goal is righteous.
A vulgar and poor speech, quite like her.
– But… just for today, let's fight with one thing in mind.
Then, she took the lead as she shrugged her shoulders.
Sophia responded by concealing her cares.
– Everyone will take Lei back!
– That's right! To get our family back!
– Without Lei, Mira's authority will keep increasing, suffocating us ☆.
– Well. But it is certain that if that girl is not here, I have no rivalry.
Everyone responded and shouted.
Fighting spirit was poured into each person.
Moroha, in a true sense, wasn't part of that circle, but still.
It was pleasant for him to be exposed to that enthusiasm.

How do we get from New York to Georgia?
That was Moroha's question.
When he heard about it, it seemed that there was a distance of 1,400 kilometers (869 miles) to the Atlanta branch office in that area.
When it came to Akane Academy, they had the school principal's 「Transportal」, but that was Mari's 「The Origin」, no one could imitate it.
– You'll know in a second. I'm sure you'll be surprised.
Sophia giggled.
He could only have a bad feeling.
With Arlene as the lead, they went outside through the service door of the workshop.
There was a cabin there, and Arlene unlocked it with a key card.
Moroha knew the existence of the cabin, but he didn't know what was happening inside.
He entered and he was surprised, there was nothing. No windows or furnishings or a carpet.
All 19 people entered, feeling cramped.
– What kind of ritual is this…?
– Impatient men are disliked, aren't they?
– Yes…. I'll be careful.
It was a secret that what came to his mind was Charles and his sour expression.
Even when talking about it, the floor shook greatly.
Of course, it wasn't an earthquake. It started descending like an elevator.
A high-speed elevator like the ones used in skyscrapers.
– Underground again…?
– That's because our boss loves to make something underground.
And Norma.
– Well, if a boy loves the words 「Underground Secret Base」, then anyone would like it too. Since Arlene is a woman, is that rational?
– It is ☆. Although it makes use of the same site area, it's actually cheaper to dig underground than to build a tall building.
– Was there such an economical method?
As Moroha was impressed, the moving floor arrived at the bottom.
He was surprised by it too; it was a large space like an airplane hangar.
It was a real, underground secret base.
Enshrined in the center was a blue boomerang-shaped aircraft.
At the center of the front part, which was folded in a 「 shape, the initials of 「ABAMS」 and the emblem of the cannon indicating it belonged to the

American Division could be seen, as well as the logo of □LAMBDA□, which was probably the aircraft name.
Was this also an invention of Arlene?
Moroha knew the reason why her workshop was as large as a gymnasium and the entrance was as big as a warehouse. It looked pointless because nothing was put in it, but if this aircraft was made there, then that size would definitely be needed.
As Arlene approached the aircraft, the □-shaped hatch at the center of the rear opened, revealing an aircraft door.
Everyone got on it from there.
Contrary to its long and narrow appearance, the interior space was wide.
There was a cockpit in front of the aircraft door, and Arlene sat down on it.
Seats were lined up diagonally to the left and right from the aircraft door towards the back of the aircraft, and everyone sat in a seat of their liking.
Moroha sat down next to Sophia.
– We'll be flying with this, right?
While having unscrupulous thoughts, Moroha couldn't hide his inner excitement.
Such a Sci-fi-like airplane (fighter?) suited boys' taste.
– Of course. It's called the super ultra-extreme sound speed assault aircraft □LAMBDA□ that the American Division is proud of.
– Super ultra… eh?
He felt like he had heard a disturbing name.
– Wear your seatbelt. Otherwise, you'll **die**.
As she said so, Sophia showed how it was done by taking the initiative.
It was quite unlike the seatbelts that Moroha knew well, rather, it kept his body immobile by fastening a number of heavy, sturdy belts that should be called restraints.
Other staff members also restrained their bodies indifferently.
– It's not going to fly around while spinning like a boomerang… right?
– Nobody feels giddy! It's said that my boss' inventions don't have such irrational elements. Be relieved.
– Can I be relieved…?
Moroha became a little pale, but it was too late.
The hatch of the aircraft door closed and the aircraft inclined significantly upward.
– The takeoff sequence will begin. Wear it fast.
– Uwaaa….
He wore the seatbelt, feeling like a prisoner of war having a gun thrust at him, digging his own grave.
Arlene pushed the buttons on the cockpit quickly while confirming the roll-call, and because of that, he suddenly panicked.
As it spun and spun, anxiety welled up again.
The secret room with no windows made him feel even more anxious.

The monitor to check the course and the situation outside was in the cockpit, and it was small.
I see, it's not necessary except for the pilot. How rational. Hahaha….
– By the way, how fast is it?
– Mach 6 at cruising speed, so a ten-minute trip to Georgia!
No sooner Sophia replied than the aircraft started to move.
Later, he asked about the structure, but, like a rocket being launched, it rushed on the slanted runway that ran straight to the ground.
An unimaginable G-Force that immediately attacked his whole body.
– Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh.
Without bearing it, Moroha screamed as he activated 「High Durability」.

Appalachian Mountains.
To the north there was a huge mountain range stretching for over 2600 kilometers (1615 miles) from Canada to the southern tip of the United States.
From the point of view of the feeling of a Japanese, it could be said it had an unprecedented scale, but there weren't many high mountains.
If it was spring, he could see the magnificent landscape that continued to the ends of the earth as the dark green mountains swelled intricately.
However, it was midwinter now, the branches and leaves had withered and the mountains' surface peeked bleakly.
On the other hand, the summit was beautifully colored with a thick blanket of snow.
A small mountain with an altitude of about 300 meters (984'2 feet), located at the southernmost tip of the mountain range, overlooking Atlanta to the south. Halfway down that mountain.
A beast weaved its way through leaf-withering trees, stamping on the snow-covered slope, running with both hands and feet.
The figure of the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit rushing towards the city was there.

In the dark clouds, Arlene, who detected it 10 kilometers before by the sensor LAMBDA was equipped with, made the aircraft fully brake together with the order 「All members, put yourselves in a resist impact posture!」.
The boomerang-type LAMBDA changed its flight attitude and tipped the nose up 90 degrees in vertical direction.
LAMBDA accelerated suddenly by utilizing the air resistance created by using the entire bottom of the aircraft.
Moroha, who was inside, thought it wasn't a joke.
The ceiling suddenly turned over, he was tormented by a G-Force which wasn't the same as when sailing; it was so extreme that not even a scream would come out, he had one misfortune after another.
However, Arlene's maneuvering skills were excellent, and LAMBDA, which had killed its inertia, came to a stop exactly 50 meters above the Evil Spirit.
Yes, the laws of physics were completely ignored, and there, it floated with the nose pointed to the zenith.
Even though a moment ago shrewdly borrowed the power of the laws of physics like air resistance.
All the crew members hurriedly unfastened their seatbelts, and Moroha imitated them.
– Goo, goo, goo, goo!
Norma gave throaty shouts of encouragement, and everyone except Arlene began to move.
A plan to have it floating vertically, so when the back hatch was open, the ground could be overlooked.
Nobody was hesitant, they jumped off from there, carrying out a skydiving with their own flesh and blood.
Naturally, Moroha also followed them later.
All of them were B-Rank *Shiroganes* or higher. Since the fall was about 50 meters above the ground, there was no reason to use 「Godlike Movement」 or 「High Durability」.
In addition, Chiki generated an ascending air current with 「Mars」, softening the impact of the fall.
And LAMBDA, that dropped off all members except Arlene, turned 180 degrees again, turning upside down.
Then, the tip of the nose was purged.
Just what was around Arlene's seat.
It descended with Moroha and the others, piercing the ground with its sharp tip like an anchor.
As the elites guarded it, two doors are opened with the sound of air coming out.
What was peeking through the small side was a rifle with a barrel of over 3 meters, which could be mistaken for a spear.
The new weapon "Clara" developed to be used against the Poisonous Wolf that was shown to Moroha the other day.
Arlene, who got off from the big one, pulled it out.

The entire force descended completely.
Moroha and the others lined up on the path to obstruct the Werewolf's route.
– Is everyone ready?
Arlene asked everyone while holding the long rifle, borrowing the support of the rifle stand.
– Yes, ma'am!
– Alright, I'm getting fired up!
– I'm sorry for ignoring you these days, wolf-san. Today, we'll accompany you until the very end ☆.
Everyone responded by raising their spirits in their own way.
It seemed that Arlene's formation didn't have a fixed command or cheering.
There was a wide variety of weapons that each person could hold.
Those weren't manifested from ID Tags but Arlene's artifacts that matched their personalities*.
*TN: Artifacts is the furigana reading for handmade.
The only exceptions were the ID Tag on Moroha's right hand and Sophia's great shield.
38 eyes fixedly stared at one point as they waited, making their fighting spirit swell.
The Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit rushed, raising snow.
Its limbs were thick and sturdy, and its motion of stamping on the ground was powerful.

—*Return them…!*

Furthermore, Moroha, with a nod, flew out like an arrow.
According to the strategy, he would go first alone.
All the rest were guards to protect Arlene and escape in case something went wrong.
– Come… Saratiga.
He grasped the metal plate in his right hand tightly.
An ID Tag borrowed from Satsuki that he brought from Japan.
What manifested was the one and only holy sword.
He poured *prana* into it, drew the end of the white splendor with the sword blade and slashed at the Werewolf.
The Evil Spirit got up from standing on its four limbs to jump and attacked with the claws of its right hand.
Moroha's slash and the Poisonous Wolf's claw attack.
Their trajectories intersected, missing each other just like that.
Moroha's sword slashed diagonally and deeply from the top of the shoulder of the Werewolf to its flank.
The Werewolf's claws sliced off Moroha's chest diagonally and shallowly.
Moroha was confident in his sword speed, but he had rarely fought against such a fast opponent.

Moroha immediately turned around from a follow-through and performed a horizontal swipe while rotating.
The Poisonous Wolf also mowed its claws down at exactly the same speed and movement.
This time the trajectories collided, repelling each other’s attack.
– Tch.
Moroha stood firm on the spot, slashing again without minding it.
He returned from slashing the sword diagonally from the shoulder to a reverse slash from below to the opposite shoulder, and connected it with a horizontal slash to cut it in half. This combination was his specialty.
He had inflicted serious wounds; scarlet lines ran on the body hair that covered the Werewolf.
However, there were only two.
The last horizontal slash was evaded.
This Poisonous Wolf had good 「eyes」 as expected. And was keen and nimble.
Also, due to its Evil Spirit-class traits, it leaked *satana* from the core that replaced a heart and regenerated the wounds.

—*Return theeeeeeeeeeeem.*

Not only would it be attacked, it would naturally counterattack.
It wanted to swing its left and right claws on instinct and with violence.
It was an attack without any scheming, but it was fast anyway.
Moreover, if he were to receive a clean hit, it would be dangerously powerful, even for Moroha.
Moroha shook his body to the left and right and kept dodging with footwork.
This was the result of studying the video of the battle record with great care and carefully simulating it.
Even so, if he lost his focus for a split second, he would suffer damage.
Honestly, there was a paper-thin difference between offense and defense.
Furthermore, Wolfsbane, which spouted out from the Werewolf’s body, coiled around Moroha, penetrating through the respiratory organs and skin, trying to gnaw at his whole body.
Moroha made 「Inner Life」 run at full capacity to prevent the progress of the poison, removing it.

—*I saaaiiiiid, return theeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeem.*

The Werewolf waved its claws while scattering poisonous saliva.
A strong wave hitting from overhead.
Moroha easily saw through it and caught it with the sword—**causing him to totter**.

As he was making 「Inner Life」 run with full power through his body, he didn't have enough *prana* to send to 「Strength」 and 「Venus」, and as a result, he lost by misusing his powers.
Of course, 「Speed」 also nosedived*.
*TN: Speed is the furigana reading for Godlike Movement.
Although he could do it until a moment ago, he couldn't deal with the Werewolf's fierce attacks by footwork.
The balance of the paper-thin difference between offense and defense collapsed, he was overwhelmed and failed.
(This is hard….)
Moroha grinded his teeth out of vexation in his mind.
It was in the category of prediction, but something hard was hard.
His legs became unusable, and with no other option, he sustained the claw attacks of the overbearing and assailing Evil Spirit, but the Werewolf, to his amazement, immediately ended up seizing the sword blade.
Grabbing it and without letting it go,

—*I'll get you to return theeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeem!*

It swung the opposite claws!
– Moroha!
– Mate!
– Moroha-kun!
He heard the screams of Sophia and the others formed in the back.
Moroha had no room to respond.
– Oooooo….
However, he roared.
With 「High Durability」, he concentrated defensive *prana* on his left arm.
The combat uniform reacted to the *prana* and transformed into a shape suitable for protection like partial armor.
Furthermore, he concentrated magic power on his left arm.
The combat uniform developed for this day reacted to *mana*, hardening even more.
And blocked the Werewolf's claws with his left arm.
The impact.
Was light.
The artifact born from the witch's cauldron overturned the principle of 「Offense is easy Defense is hard」!
The Werewolf, still grasping Saratiga, swung its other hand at him as if it had become angry, but Moroha guarded it with his left arm completely.
– It's heeeeeeeere! It's here, it's here, it's here, it's here, iiiiiitt'ssss heeeeeereeeee!
Arlene witnessed his majestic figure from the formation in the rear, dancing wildly.

The combat uniform provided to a *Shirogane* responded to *prana*, enhancing protection.
The combat uniformed provided to a *Kuroma* responded to *mana*, enhancing protection.
Both were **mass products** put together by Arlene.
Until now, Moroha wore the former, but that was nothing but inefficient.
Moroha was a unique person in the world, a monster who could freely manipulate *prana* and *mana*.
Therefore, the only person in the world, the monster who arbitrarily created the arms of divine power, gave an order.
*TN: In the last 2 sentences, monster is the furigana reading for “beyond common sense”.
Prana and *mana* were the only wearable battle costumes in the world that enhanced protection and became unassailable when stacked.

The combat uniform, which hardened like a tekkou, understood Moroha’s feelings well and flawlessly pulled through the fierce attacks of the Werewolf.
On the contrary, Moroha gathered *prana* and *mana* on his right leg, kicking it into the air.
It was just an ordinary application of □Destructive Fist□, but the hem of the combat uniform hardened like a blunt weapon, increasing the striking power.
The Werewolf was blown off backwards, and its hand that was grabbing Saratiga was now separated from it.
– Raah!
Without a moment’s delay, Moroha pursued it.
The Evil Spirit also regained its posture and fought back, starting a fierce hand-to-hand combat.
The sword danced, fists flew, and claws and fangs whizzed.
He made the sword blade run, protected against it with the left armor and the Werewolf regenerated with satana.
Offense and defense of a different dimension.
The ebb and flow of an ominous place outside the human world.
In the midst of the dense poisonous smoke, Moroha caused the white light *prana* to shine, fighting bravely.
A frontline construction by a single person, and that couldn’t be done by anyone other than Moroha.
The tactics that Arlene pictured in her mind and incorporated into the strategy worked magnificently.
If the front line was stable, the rear guard could concentrate on fire support.
A single flash of light flew like the arrow of the God of Thunder between Moroha and the Poisonous Wolf who were having a one-to-one fight in an area above the clouds. Tearing the battlefield to pieces from behind, the

long and large beam attack fired from Arlene's readied "Clara" precisely hit the black core fit in the left side of the Werewolf's chest.
The very thin, converged and large firepower attacked and pierced the source of the Evil Spirit's power, and the Poisonous Wolf made ultra-dense *satana* overflow from its core in order to protect its vitals.
In the mere instant of the shot, enormous power and power scattered ardent light, fighting each other.
The storm of scorching and dazzling flash of light passed, and the core of the Evil Spirit that showed up at the end of the whiteout had no scratches or a crack engraved into it.
However, its color, which was jet black, had faded by about 20%.
That was exactly what Arlene estimated!
Cheers that sounded like a commotion rose from all the members formed in the back, and Arlene began to dance for joy, saying 『*It's heeereee*』.
The Poisonous Wolf goggled at Arlene with its bright red eyes.
It targeted the shooter who shot the impossible shot just now.
Arlene shrunk immediately, but it was too late.
There was no place to escape or hide.

—*The one who took them from me was yoooooouuuuuuu!*

The Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit let out a piercing cry, and rushed towards the formation of the unit in the back.
It went into quadrupedal walking and accelerated to top speed in an instant.
Moroha didn't run after it.
It wasn't like he couldn't chase it.
(I leave it to you)
He made eye contact with **her** who was waiting in the back and completely gave undivided attention to detoxifying himself with *prana*.
At the same time, he enhanced *mana* and started spelling.
On the other hand, in the rearguard unit—
– Block it with all you've got!
Mira hit the ground with the whip and the elites of the New York main office rushed out at once.
Sophia, Norma, Chiki and 13 B-Rank *Shiroganes* engaged the Werewolf, springing at it one after another.
Due to individual differences in speed, Norma and Chiki were the first to meet it.
Norma wore flames and burned off the poisonous mist, and Chiki wore wind, blowing it away and nullifying it.
However, 『Mars』 couldn't be used continuously under normal conditions (except for Shiba Akira who was beyond common sense). The time they could fight without being handicapped by Wolfsbane was very short, so they could rather hold it back than wait for Moroha to come running—the strategy was based on such calculations.

Norma’s fire straights landed on the Poisonous Wolf’s face, and Chiki’s four-sword style slashed its torso.

—*Didn’t you hear me? I told you to return theeeeeeeeeeem.*

Still, the Poisonous Wolf swung its arms around without caring about particulars and mowed down the two of them, breaking through.
Counting on them to damage it, they counterattacked with a first-class simultaneous attack.
No, could one really call it a simultaneous attack?
The wounds that Norma and Chiki suffered were shallow, they would be regenerated in a matter of seconds.
Letting it break through was far better than tactical wounds.
There was no doubt that the Poisonous Wolf felt their attacks were insignificant.
As they devised a lot of countermeasures based on the battle record, the probability that this monster saw through the battle strength of Norma and Chiki in the previous battle and remembered it was high.
Then It was an absolutely terrifying 「Metaphysical」 with intelligence?
– Norma! Chiki! What are you playing at!?
Mira’s scolding flew, but it was a little harsh.
Because even under normal circumstances, neither of them was a *Shirogane* whose strong point was defense.
The two who were regarded as the cornerstone of defense were easily breached, and fear ran between the remaining *Shiroganes*.
Those who had no countermeasures against the poisonous fog had no means to stop it except to make themselves a wall of flesh.
However, those who were aware of that, gathered.
They tried to throw themselves, ready to die. Was it because of a strong 「familial love」 or loyalty?
The moment when the Werewolf swung its right claws hard and who the first victim would be,
– Leave it to me!
Sophia stepped in and protected her companions.
A large transparent shield stood imposingly.
It stopped the blow of the Evil Spirit created from a ridiculous physical strength head-on and without wavering.
An admiringly stable guard.
The surpassed Werewolf fixed its bright red eyes on Sophia.
Without minding if she was guarded, it bared its fierceness, scattered poisonous saliva and hit her with its left and right claws alternately.
– Bring it on!
But Sophia didn’t flinch.
She poured citrine yellow *prana* into the shield and continued withstanding the fierce attack of the Evil Spirit.

Because the other day—
Moroha said the following.
– In this battle, the power of Senpai can be the key.
At first, Sophia couldn't believe it.
Naturally, she had no intention of becoming a burden, and if it was to save Lei, she had the intention to fight all out.
But Sophia was a B-Rank.
Although people around her always told her that she was this close to becoming A-Rank, her fighting power wasn't to the degree of being able to break through that wall.
It went without saying that she was no equal match for Mira, Norma and Chiki who were at the top of A-Rank.
How could she be the key on the battlefield where two S-Ranks reigned?
– I want you to tell me! If Moroha says so, then I can believe it!
Sophia immediately reconsidered that and said with a serious look.
Moroha also nodded with a serious expression,
– There's no such thing as a perfect strategy outside of the world of hindsight-based opinions. This time, I think the strategy planned by Arlene-san and the others is wonderful, but it's too pretty and too guaranteed. To say nothing of the opponent being an Evil Spirit-class, I still feel uneasy….
– So, are you saying that I'm that insurance?
– It's too early to tell. Please look at this.
Moroha said so and played the record video of the battle with the Evil Spirit.
– This Evil Spirit has the habit of obstinately aim at the opponent who had its eyes on for a moment.
When she watched the video while paying attention to Moroha's points, she noticed that the Werewolf targeted someone for a moment and continued attacking without taking interest in others. Thanks to that, those who were in the middle of being rushed at fell into a half-panic state.
– Therefore, if this terrible situation were to happen during the battle—what has to be taken into consideration first is that the final line protecting Arlene-san will be penetrated, but—I'd like to ask Sophie-senpai to use that shield to keep the Evil Spirit-class at bay.
– If I step in and guard, it's very likely that he'll be after me! If I keep at it and endure it, I'll get its attention all the time!
– Yes. If you buy time, I can recover my posture and even modify the strategy. I can only entrust this role to Sophie-senpai who excels at protection.
Sophia was still a B-Rank.
However, she was a heavy tank type that was extremely inclined towards power and toughness parameters.
Yes, if it was only about 「protecting」, 「preventing」 and 「enduring」, then she was far superior than Norma and Chiki.
– Uoooooooooooooooh.

Sophia let out a war cry, inspiring herself.
She endured and endured and endured the fierce attack of the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit.
Thanks to the large shield, the direct hits of the Wolfsbane didn't go through, and a small amount of *prana* was transferred to 「Inner Life」.
A decoy, and a nice one. She would do anything to be helpful.
Speaking of not being scared, it was a lie.
The blazingly brilliant blood-colored eyes of the Evil Spirit, the rage that was suspending there, the sharp fangs chattering in front of her, the rotten smell of the dripping poisonous saliva, the frenzied claws striking her, its physical strength, everything was enough to make Sophia's spine quiver.
And this shield was designed to be transparent to ensure the field of vision.
The terrifying monster before her eyes was being shown too much.
Still—
Still, if it was to get Lei back.
– I'm not afraid of anythiiiiiiiiiiiiing!
She mobilized a bold front or something, and with no concern of how her act looked like, she only had to go for a cheap fight!

(As expected from you, Senpai. *Strikers'* number 3)
Moroha—without including himself in the calculation—praised Sophia's great effort.
In the record video of the battle, there was a scene in which Norma, despite being in defensive-mode only, endured the fierce attacks of the Evil Spirit.
If that was the case, there was no reason why Sophia, who excelled at defense, couldn't focus on defense only.
Far from not allowing the breakthrough of the Poisonous Wolf, she attracted its malicious intent towards herself, buying enough time.
In the meanwhile, Arlene was able to fall back with Mira carrying her in her arms, rifle included, their distance going back to how it was at the beginning.
Furthermore, making use of that chance,
– —The world of decadence does not end The trumpets are blown The time of judgment has come
Moroha completed a 5th Rank Dark Art.
And let the black flame of hell that 「Black Gehenna」 manifested dwell in Saratiga.
He poured *prana* over *mana*, overlapping them.
The white light and the black flame on the sword blade rampaged and became excited, competing for each other's supremacy.
Ancestral Arts Yin Yang, 「Kurikara」.
Moroha rushed, readying the black and white sword to his side.
Matching the timing, Mira rang her whip.
It was the signal that she also used when she had a match with Moroha.

Because Sophia was aware of this, she retreated immediately with all her strength.
The Werewolf tried to go after her, but Moroha wouldn’t give it such grace.
– Suraaaaaaaaaah.
He struck at it with the strong attack with which he slaughtered the nine-headed serpent before together with a loud shout.
A pillar of fire rose up as though to pierce the heavens.
The atmosphere trembled and shivered, causing a storm and knocking down the surrounding trees.
It hollowed out the ground deeply.
With just one hit, the people who turned pale at the figure of the monster wearing human skin appeared one after another.
Arlene’s rifle gunshot was the main source of damage in the operation, but Moroha had no intention at all of relying solely on it.
Moroha had practically the same role as he was defending the front line by himself, but if there was one person who shouldered his burden even if it was a little, then he could also play the role of the attacker like this.
Regarding this, the significance of taking Sophia along was big.
After the shock and hellfire vanished—the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit was unharmed in the middle of the ground that had turned into a huge crater.
However, the thickness of its heart was further reduced by about 10%.
The Werewolf dyed its eyes in anger even more and directly glared at Moroha.

—*Return Toureeeeee! Return them right noooowww!*

It swung its left claws, rushing.
Rather, Moroha calmed down and readied the sword to attract it and,
– Senpai, focus on 「Inner Life」.
He cut down the left claws of the Werewolf, including the elbow, while having the time to give instructions to Sophia to detoxify herself.
It stabbed him with the right claws, but he avoided them with his footwork.
He was once again enveloped by the poisonous fog, but he made 「Inner Life」 run to counter it.
Seeing Moroha whose movement grew dull, the Werewolf slashed at him with its quickly regenerated left claws, but the claws were blocked by the tekkou which was double-hardened with *prana* and *mana*.

—*Return Galaz! Return Hleb! Return Vermaelennnnnn!*

Moroha kept parrying calmly the Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit that got angry and attacked.
They crossed arms about 10, 20 times.
Then, the encouraging words of Mira from behind.

– Norma! Chiki! We will change the order. Don’t worry about defense, so please go to support Moroha*!
*TN: Order is the furigana reading for strategy orders.
Her assessment of the situation was good.
And precise since the two of them didn’t pass as guards and she knew that Sophia could estimate.
– The rest will reorganize the defensive formation around Sophie!
In addition, she cared not to burden only the young Sophia.
– OK!
– Understood ☆.
Hearing the assertive replies of Norma and Chiki, Mira began to play a melody with the whip.
It was the rhythm he heard when they had the match. Moroha considered her intention and concentrated his consciousness on it too with 「Divine Hearing」.
As he crossed arms with the Werewolf alone and exchanged 50 blows—the melody played by Mira suddenly increased its intensity, reaching the climax.
(Now!)
Moroha used 「Godlike Movement」 and jumped high in the sky.
The target suddenly vanished and the Werewolf’s claws swung and missed in a big way.
Using Moroha as blinds, Norma dashed and punched with all her might!
Mira took command from behind using the beat of the whip.
It was a coordinated violent explosion between Moroha and Norma who followed her instructions.
It seemed that she was kneading and kneading *prana* for this punch.
The Poisonous Wolf tried to stand firm with the nails of both feet in the ground, but it slid back in a big way.
– —Flames become equal, burning good, evil, chaos and everything to exhaustion A purifying intense mercy
Moroha, who was in the air, shot 「Blaze」 there.
This time, it was a 2nd Rank that put emphasis on quick shot, but the force of the flames was like that of an unskilled *Kuroma*’s 3rd Rank.
The flames rained incessantly from overhead, melting the snow on the ground and spreading to the trees.
However, the Werewolf displayed tremendous reflexes and jumped and escaped at the last second.
– Don’t hold back, I’ve just warmed up ☆.
Chiki jumped right away and kicked it form the side.
No matter how quick-witted and agile the Werewolf was, it had no way to dodge it in the air, it couldn’t hold it out even when using its superhuman strength.
It was driven into the raging flames of the Dark Art.

—*Rezurn theeeeeeeeem!*

Although its mouth was being cindered, the Werewolf extinguished the flames with a strong breath.
Norma and Chiki trembled shiveringly at the delusional-looking scene.
However, without mercy or consideration, Arlene's beam hit the left side of the Evil Spirit's chest.
Ardent light and miasma fought each other again, consuming another 20% of *satana* stored in the black core.
Even the Poisonous wolf writhed, suffered and panted.

In the back of the battlefield—
– Ufufuhihi. Ehehehyuhyuhyu. Uhyuh, uhyuuhyuh, muhyuhyuhyuhyu.
Arlene readied "Clara" put on the rifle stand and chuckled to herself.
Mira, who was next to her, had a face as if wanting to say something, but she didn't notice.
– You're a very good girl. Of course□, there, there□.
She kept stroking it and rubbing her cheek against the gun barrel while looking into the rifle scope.
Two shots were fired, and both of them had hit it directly.
She had shot through the middle of the Evil Spirit's core.
The power estimation was perfect, leaving three loaded bullets, making the Poisonous Wolf reduce the *satana* concentration in its heart by half.
The rifle created for today's operation showed the expected fighting strength and produced military gains.
He was thankful that her hobby was development.
As she triumphantly let Moroha hear about it, because this new rifle had bullet speed, it couldn't be avoided even if the Werewolf saw it with its □eyes□, and if she captured the target with the reticle and pulled the trigger, she would hit the target.
Upon hearing that, Moroha pointed out □So Arlene, who doesn't have □Clairvoyance□, is able to catch hold of the Werewolf under the high-speed combat area with the reticle?□.
His concern was natural.
However, it wasn't Arlene who couldn't consider it to such degree.
This new model was precisely equipped with an automatic predictive shooting function.
Just by looking into the scope, "Clara" predicted the action of the Poisonous Wolf of its own accord and when the moment to □Hit it now!□ appeared, it would notify her. It was truly a well-behaved child.
When analyzing the record video of the battle, it was ascertained that the movements of the Evil Spirit were extremely clear and monotonous.
Moreover, she succeeded in analyzing the movement pattern, revealing it and applying it as an algorithm.

If an algorithm was made, she could quickly create an automatic prediction program.
Of course, it wasn’t as easy as it sounded, but Arlene was a woman who, the harder it got, the harder she seethed. She was a pervert. After the defeat in Indiana, and for several days until the arrival of Moroha, she had a Latin dance with the God of invention who had come down to her grey matter without sleeping or taking a rest and finally managed to do it completely.
The results of her hardships were now tied together!
Arlene only had to look into the scope while being protected by everyone she could rely on.
Whether she hummed or wore a disgusting smile, it was all OK.
The cross reticle in the scope that didn’t capture anything suddenly changed to the letters 「SHOOT」.
Then Arlene pulled the trigger.
Then the Werewolf’s black heart entered the scope as if being sucked into it.
It was a mechanism——that shot, impacted and didn’t miss the targeted prey.
The remaining three shots would certainly hit, the Evil Spirit would perish and the energetic Lei would come back.
Arlene was so convinced of that that she waited for the 「SHOOT」 signal while chuckling to herself.
The front line, in other words, Moroha, created a number of afterimages and slashed while toying with the Poisonous Wolf.
Norma and Chiki looked for a chance and went to support him, but he practically didn’t need it.
Moroha’s fighting style was exactly like a lion dashing forward, and Arlene could see that calmly.
– It’s our victory.
When she asked for the approval of the one next to her, Mira nodded a little despite having a prudent look on her face.
– When Lei comes back, we’ll have to hold a congratulations party.
Therefore, she would boast the performance of this rifle forever.
The appearance of Lei making a sullen face emerged in her eyelids vividly, making her happy.
Eventually——
The Poisonous Wolf Evil Spirit stood upright.
It stood stock still as if being at a loss, without caring about being killed by Moroha.
Unlike other 「Metaphysicals」, the Evil Spirit-class had intelligence.
Did it discern its own defeat and gave up?
Even though Arlene was suspicious, if that was the case, then it was merciful to deliver the coup de grâce fast.
She manually took aim at the heart of the Poisonous Wolf, confirmed the word 「SHOOT」 and put her finger on the trigger.
At that moment.

—*Why don’t you return theeeeem…?*

The Evil Spirit, with its head still hanging down, howled in a deep voice.
The dripping and overflowing saliva came to a stop.
The gushing poisonous fog disappeared completely.
Instead, from the core in the left side of the chest, darker and thicker *satana* overflowed, making the miasma surround its whole body as if it was a *Shirogane* wearing *prana*. They witnessed a disgusting tenacity, because it discharged what should be the same as life for an Evil Spirit.
The strange occurrence didn’t stop there.
As if pushing the head, neck, chest, abdomen, limbs and body hair away—
Countless eyes opened and appeared from below.
– What the hell is that? Disgusting.
Arlene reflexively pulled the trigger.
No matter what the Poisonous Wolf was transforming into or the 100-eyed Wolf Evil Spirit was scheming, the reticle would catch the heart and hit it.
She expected to hit the target.
However! The Evil Spirit moved to the right, and the magic bullet of light fired by Arlene barely missed.
– The bullet was dodged!? No way!
It wasn’t part of her calculations.
Because the core of the 100-eyed Wolf couldn’t be crushed into pieces unless all five bullets hit it, she really went crazy.
– Tchh.
Moroha clicked his tongue and slashed at the Werewolf from overhead.
But the Evil Spirit evaded the slashing attack completely while directing its 100 eyes towards him.
Until a while ago, it didn’t matter how clever the Werewolf was or how good its
□eyes□ were, it had trouble avoiding the unsurpassed sword of Moroha, and yet.
– No way! No way! No way! No way! No way!
Arlene looked into the scope while being confused, as if she was glaring at the slayer of her parents.
– In times like this, you have to calm down.
Mira’s scolding flew immediately from the side, but she didn’t hear her.
The reticle changed to the word □SHOOT□ and she pulled the trigger without hesitation.

—*Nooooooooooo. Return them, return them, return them, return them, return theeeeeeeem!*

The 100 eyes of the Werewolf moved all at once.

In the momentary world unrecognizable by Arlene, those hundred gazes clearly captured the trajectory of the beam fired from the muzzle.
It twisted and the arrow of light passed under the raised left arm and the sky.
And,
With the flow of time observable by ordinary people, Arlene followed the trajectory that fruitlessly missed in blank amazement.
– It could see it… and avoid it….
Mira talked to herself in shock.
The other companions, Norma and Chiki cowered.
It was suddenly impossible to believe, and the phenomenon couldn't be explained. They could only agree with it.
Two bullets missed.
The operation collapsed from the foundation.
Arlene's hands were separated from "Clara".
She dropped her shoulders dejectedly.
Withdraw—that word was about to rush out from her mouth. But,

– We can still do it! Don't give up!

The angry words of Moroha, which resembled a lion's roar, reverberated throughout the battlefield.
Arlene raised her face as if she was beaten.
– Well, you still say so, but what do we do…?
She whined and stared at Moroha as if she was clinging to him.
His figure, wearing a white *prana* like the sun on the ground, continued fighting like the War God.
Was he just like a ray of hope?

Moroha pumped out even more *prana* from the seven gates that dwelled inside and burned brilliantly.
Certainly, the Evil Spirit, with the transformation, obtained scarier 『eyes』.
However, in exchange for that, *satana* was discharged from the core and lost the poisonous fog.
Moroha used the last spurt on 『Inner Life』 and purified the last poison affecting his body.
And added *prana* to 『Speed』 and 『Strength』 which seemed to be half unused until now*.
*TN: Prana is the furigana reading for life and speed for Godlike Movement.
Moroha, now at full power, attacked.
He slashed diagonally from the shoulder, and when he was 『seen』 by the 100-eyed Wolf and dodged him, he immediately slashed back.
If one stroke of the sword couldn't hit it, then he would slash at it with two strokes of the sword.
He made full use of his techniques, surpassing the 『eyes』 of the Evil Spirit*.

*TN: Techniques is the furigana reading for coordination.
The sword blade tore the Werewolf's body and a black blood wave danced.
Furthermore──
– You're up, Sophie-senpai!
He shouted towards the back, without taking his eyes off the Werewolf.
Now that Arlene was stupefied, there was no fear that the 100-eyed Wolf would shift its attention to her.
All its anger was nailed on Moroha*.
*TN: Moroha is the furigana reading for "the threat before its eyes".
Then, at this moment, there was no need to protect the rear guard.
– Understood!
The responsive reply of Sophia.
She, who trained both day and night with *Strikers*, understood Moroha's intentions and rushed with the large shield in hand.
She pushed in between Moroha and the 100-eyed Wolf, covering him.
She took on the fierce attacks of the frenzied Evil Spirit.
– Write──
As he stared at the big and strong back of his Senpai, Moroha started spelling with his left hand.

Land of despair Bone-chilling sky Lend me your breath To their bodies, even their souls freeze
Even the prosperous ones inevitably dying is the divine providence of the world The law given by God is an inescapable karma
Like water flowing to a low place Taking all heat away
Show me the world where everything came to stop As if even time was frozen
I am a person who refuse to understand A person who seek only the absolute
Show me The extreme point The beauty of eternity that is not destroyed by anyone And where not even those who destroy exist
The Yin Yang that stacked the 6th Rank of Ice on the sword.
「Ekshkish」.
The moment it was completed, Sophia jumped to the right and escaped.
The timing of the switching was when Moroha's chant was finished, there was no need for a signal.
The 100-eyed Wolf tried to run after Sophia like usual.
– You think I'll let you?
Moroha violently threw the ardent ice Yin Yang against it.
It didn't matter how good its 「eyes」were or how keen and nimble was, the cold wave of *mana* and white *prana*, which swept over a wide area, swallowed the Werewolf, showering it with blows.
Norma, Chiki and those who hesitated and considered the operation to be a failure, couldn't be more amazed.
It was natural.

From the beginning, Moroha didn’t blindly believe in this operation **alone**. Moroha thought of attacking it himself, so that it wouldn’t matter if one or two bullets of Arlene missed, and consequently, he fired the Yin Yang that stacked great magic.
Therefore, he took Sophia along as a helper.
The raging white death storm passed and the figure of the Werewolf appeared with small icicles hanging down from the body hair.
It forcibly regenerated from a frozen state with the *satana* in its heart, but the color of the core faded very fast.
– Drive one more hit into it, Moroha!
Sophia, who held the shield, returned and boldly stood in front of the 100-eyed Wolf Evil Spirit, blocking its way.
Norma and Chiki, who were seized with fear, also got excited when seeing the imposing figure of their younger sister.

– Let me buy some time at least too!
– This way, Demon-san ☆.
The two of them attacked alternately as if they had half-surrounded the 100-eyed Wolf.
Norma threw jabs and Chiki made her 4 blades flash.
The Werewolf surprisingly saw all that and swiftly avoided them.
It immediately broke through them and charged towards Moroha who began spelling the 6th Rank of Thunder.
– I won't let you!
Sophia held the shield and stepped in its path.

—*Reeeeeeetuuuuuuuuurn theeeeeeeeeem…!*

If so, the 100-eyed Wolf Evil Spirit opened its jaw as if to tear it and swooped down on Sophia.
She received it with the shield as if to hit its nose.
The rampaging Werewolf slammed its right claws against her, and she received them.
Without minding it was blocked, it slammed its left claws against her, and she received them.
Sophia kept holding out and enduring the berserker-like hitting.
At a speed that no one could imitate, the spelling of Moroha got to the fourth line.
But,
**Crack*.*
The sound of a crack running through Sophia's shield resounded awfully loudly.
The 100-eyed Wolf thrust the claws of both hands into the crack and split the large shield to the left and right.
And attacked Sophia who lost her protection in ecstasy.
– Senpai.
Moroha didn't hesitate and cancelled the Dark Art that was being spelled.
He readied the sword and tried to cover her.
However, Sophia—took an unexpected action.
– This is our chaaaaaance!
The Werewolf raised its claws overhead, sprung at her and thereupon, she surprisingly jumped at it.
– I'll block the movement of this thinggggg!
She grappled it as if to hug it.

She was confident that her power alone wouldn’t lose to anyone.
Now, mustering all of her confidence, Sophia restrained the Werewolf.
The 100-eyed Wolf Evil Spirit struggled and tried to shake free from her with its terrifying physical strength, but she held it down and immobilized it with more power.
She was confident that her toughness wouldn’t lose to anyone.
Now, mustering all of her confidence, Sophia endured it.
The 100-eyed Wolf Evil Spirit bit the top of Sophia’s shoulder, and scratched off Sophia’s back with its claws, but she clenched her teeth and put up with it.
It was tough. And painful.
It was way too much. She couldn’t hold it back.
Sophia knocked down such whines that crossed her mind with her feelings.
What was important now was her heart.
If she fired up her heart, *prana* would surge in great quantities.
What Saviors needed was willpower, not talent.
The teaching of Lei helped her.

—*Return Ceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeesc!*

The Evil Spirit exclaimed.

– It is you… who have to return Leeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeii!

Sophia shouted even more.
Her heart appeared to burst into flames infinitely.
It didn’t hurt anymore.
No whines or something like that would be told anymore.
She shouted to the limit of her voice.
– It’s now or never! Shoot, bossssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!!

Sophia’s heroic shout resounded on the battlefield.
Arlene was at a loss.
Even though the operation failed when two shots missed already, the situation of the battle moved too hectically from there that her thoughts couldn’t catch up.
As a researcher and inventor, her domain got enough time to analyze, guess and plan.
Essentially, not the humans on the scene, but her weakness, had been revealed.
After so long, this was the situation.
– I, I can’t shoot! Sophie will die too!
Reflexively yelling back those reasonable yet too ordinary words was the best Arlene could do.
– Just shoot without hitting me!

– Don’t ask for the impossible….
Arlene became desperate, held “Clara” and looked into the scope.
However, just as she thought, the Werewolf struggled, its position with Sophia changed constantly. If she shot, there was the chance of hitting her by accident. Arlene didn’t have 『eyes』 that ascertained the moment when the heart of the Evil Spirit entered the scope and this rifle didn’t have the function of avoiding allies automatically.
Arlene put her finger on the trigger and separated it over and over while sweating profusely.
– Fast! Shoot fast! Don’t you want to defeat this thing!?
– It’s obvious I want to beat it! That’s why… separate from it. I can’t shoot.
– No. I won’t let go of this chance. Resolve yourself too, boss!
Sophia shouted as if to criticize her while shedding bright red blood from her back and shoulders.
– No matter what the outcome is, if we can get Lei back, I’ll be satisfied!
Sophia appealed to shoot them rather together.
She was convinced of victory at one point, but why was this happening?
– I just can’t….
– Why!? Doesn’t boss want to demonstrate the awesomeness of “Clara” invented by boss? Don’t worry about me, boss, you just have to concentrate!
– Sophie is more important than something like a demonstration!
– I’d like you not to say what you don’t really mean, “Arsenal” Arlene!
Sophia’s shout struck home and Arlene made a crumpled, wry face.
(Hey, even if you told me so, nothing will reach you…)
Was the way to convey words, well, clumsy?
How was everyone able to endure this absurdity in which the meaning that was said aloud was the exact opposite of what was understood?
– I just, don’t want, to lose Sophie or Lei or anyone….
Arlene looked around like a young lost child.
Mira and the others shook their heads silently, as expected, they couldn’t find the answer.
On the front line, Norma and Chiki were also standing and watching without interfering because they couldn’t attack carelessly.
No matter how tremendous the destructive power Moroha had, it would be impossible to defeat only the Evil Spirit without involving Sophia.
Despite thinking so——
– Yes… losing them is absolutely out of the question.
Before she knew, Moroha ran up to her side.
He kicked the rifle stand down and grabbed the barrel of “Clara”.
Arlene looked up at the boy standing next to her and across the rifle.
Moroha stared directly at the front, at the 100-eyed Wolf.
– Don’t lose anything. Don’t let them steal anything from you. Never allow such a thing.
He muttered word by word as if to make her understand.
His face seen from the side was filled with ghastliness, but it wasn’t scary.

– I’ll take aim. And Arlene-san will pull the trigger.
– C-can we…?
– You should capture only the heart with the scope without including Senpai, okay? **We’ll do it**.
This terrifying boy was so reliable that she would cry to have him as an ally.
S-Rank meant to be relied on by all Saviors and to carry them on one’s back.
Therefore, Arlene always had been relied on and carried them on her back.
But now, she inexplicably had the intuition that she could rely on this man and that she got him to carry her on his back.
(That’s right.… Even if irrational things such as words aren’t used, there are things that can be conveyed. I also must convey it to Sophie without using words)
Arlene changed her posture and repositioned the rifle with precision.
(I don’t want to lose either Sophie or Lei…!)
So,
– Give me a hand. Please, *Moroha*-kun.
– On the count of 3.
Moroha and Arlene held the long rifle from the left and right.
The role of Moroha was to look into the scope.
Arlene closed her eyes and put a finger on the trigger while having the feeling of praying to God.
She concentrated and concentrated and concentrated to boost the Reprekana inside her—
The two counted in unison.
3
2
1
SHOOT.
The muzzle of the long rifle spouted fire and a dazzling flash of light gushed out.
A light that destroyed the evil. A burning, purifying and shining flame. An arrow of divine punishment.
The Werewolf, whose movement was half-blocked, had no way to dodge what ran and cut through the battlefield at subsonic speed.
It pierced it.
Without grazing Sophia’s skin.
Accurately and straight to the core of the Evil Spirit.
As if it personified and acted on behalf of everyone’s feelings at one point.
And, that was it.

After the mortal combat, all 19 members of the subjugation team returned to New York without having a rest.
When they returned to the main office in Cold Spring by LAMBDA, Sophia took out □DELTA□ this time.
She drove at terrific speed to the hospital in Manhattan.
Of course, to go see Mellein who got her soul back.
Neither Flavie nor Isurugi Gen regained consciousness immediately.
Moroha explained so, but Sophia didn't listen.
– I'm telling you that I'll accompany her until she wakes up and say good morning to her!
Her words were like her who liked simplicity.
If so, Moroha decided to go with her.
For a moment, he thought that it would be a bad idea to interrupt their reunion, but it would take a few hours until Mellein recovered her consciousness, so he reconsidered that she wouldn't feel depressed if she was accompanied by someone to talk to.
Being shaken on the way to Manhattan while being wrapped in the large and elastic limbs of Sophia in the driver's seat of DELTA was tormenting, but he managed to clear his mind of all mundane thoughts somehow.
They arrived at the general hospital, which they had heard from Mira in advance.
Because it took too much time to park in the parking lot, Sophia kicked the door open and rushed out.
A strange object ran, catching the eye of its surroundings, but she couldn't afford to worry about it.
They heard at the general information desk that in the large, 4-building hospital, the room where Mellein was protected was the one at the very back.
Sophia started running more and more impatiently.
– Excuse me, Senpai, but running in the hospital is….
– I know that! So, we'll walk and hurry.
Sophia, with the essentials of racewalking, walked hurriedly.
She was tall, had long legs and her steps were wide, so she was quite fast.
Moroha tried to not be left behind, so he was desperate.
They went through a number of corridors, crossed three accessways, crossed the information desk of each department, avoided the patients and walked in zig zags, the nurses had an eye kept on their quick steps, they passed in front of the waiting area, passed in front of the smoking area, passed in front of the vending machine area—

– Yo, Sophie. It has been a while.
– Lei!?
—As they passed it, Mellein, who was drinking cola, called out to her.
Both Moroha and Sophia pitched forward reflexively, they were about to fall down.
Mellein, who saw them, laughed greatly and said 「Hey, hey, walk quietly in the corridor」.
No, it was his first time meeting her, but from the interaction between the too, Moroha could do more than guess that she was Mellein.
She was a large Caucasian woman who wasn't much different from Sophia, and whose physique was more toned and muscular than Sophia.
Her tone and demeanor went beyond friendliness, she was more like a rude person.
But she was a person with the atmosphere of a woman who cared for others.
– What are you doing here!?
Sophia, who regained her posture, protested.
– What, you say? I'm thirsty, you know?
Mellein raised the cola.
– What I'm saying is that not resting in your bed is bad!
– But I don't feel that bad. Today I woke up in good condition too! But when I woke up, I was in the hospital, and it was snowing outside, I was surprised.
– If you are surprised, then call a nurse and ask for an explanation!
Sophia criticized her and Moroha agreed in his mind.
– Gyahaha, how tiresome.
Mellein just laughed while drinking cola. She was a free person.
– I was a fool for worrying about you….
Sophia put a hand on her forehead.
– I didn't fall so low that you have to worry about me.
– You often say you don't know what kind of trouble you're in!
Sophia retorted with all her power.
Considering how much everyone was worried about Mellein and how hard they worked to get her back, this amount of indignation was to be expected.
Sniff, seeing Sophia glaring at her with teary eyes, did Mellein guess the situation somehow? She scratched her head awkwardly.
– Got it. I'll listen to you seriously, so explain. What happened to me?
Sophia carefully explained to her 「older sister」 who had a laudable attitude.
They moved to the bench next to the vending machine area.
Mellein listened attentively with a meek attitude,
– … Why don't you become a scriptwriter and adopt me…? It's what I'd like to say.
She suddenly looked hard at Moroha,
– We're meeting for the first time, right? But I was fighting you in the dream I just had. In other words, that was reality, huh.

She was convinced that way.
– You should understand that we don’t know what the aftereffects are, so go back to bed.
– After drinking one more.
– No!
Sophia thrust her finger at her flatly as if to say “I warn you!”.
– Oh dear, you’ll unexpectedly be like Mira when growing older.
– I respect Mira.
– That’s ironic.
As she grumbled, however, she obeyed Sophia’s words and stood up.
Sophia also stood up and the two faced each other.
They stared at each other for a while,
– I don’t really feel it, but what has become of you… since summer, Sophie? You didn’t grow taller again, did you?
– I surpassed Lei long ago.
They were happy to meet again and hugged each other.
Moroha was surprised that Sophia didn’t get angry when she was told about her height, and because of that, he could feel a deep bond between the two.
– It’s about time to return. Mira said you’ll be hospitalized for a while, so be prepared.
– Maybe I’ll get bored with it and die. Will you come visit me tomorrow, Sophie?
– I’ll come to see you every day. Even if Lei leaves the hospital… I can meet you every day from now on. I’ll be graduating soon after all.
– … You’re not going to stay in Japan?
– I’m sure I always said that I’ll join the American Division when I graduate.
The arms of Sophia that hugged Mellein were filled with strength.
– Don’t be unreasonable. You don’t have to hold back because of us, you know?
– Lei is the one being unreasonable here. You’ll be lonely if I leave.
– Stuupid. I’m not a child.
Mellein stretched her right arm while hugging Sophia and patted her head.
– Now go, ochibi-chan. As long as the boss, Mira and I are here, America will be safe. Only when Sophie misses us, you can return home. Beyond that point, we’ll get tired of seeing each other. And get bored of each other real fast.
With an adult face, she whispered in Sophia’s ear.
With a deep tone of voice and whisper that permeated even the chest of Moroha listening beside them.
Moroha didn’t even listen to her as if she was lying.
But—

– Lei is a liar….

Yes, Moroha and Sophia knew.

– I love the tender lies of Lei….

That was why she didn’t want to be apart.
Sophia whispered back as she hugged her more.
– … Sophie.
The arms of Mellein, who hugged her back, were trembling.
In the exact same way, Moroha felt from Sophia’s whisper and tone of voice that she loved Mellein and that her words, which said that she wanted to return to the American Division, weren’t lies.
But in the end, it didn’t mean that her lingering affection towards Japan had been severed──
In her gloomy tone of voice that wasn’t typical of the cheerful girl──
That clearly oozed.
– …….
Mellein gazed at Sophia with anxiety and hesitated many times, but in the end, she hugged her strongly as if she had given up.
As if both of them had convinced themselves that 『This is fine』, it was such a hug.
Moroha took his eyes off abruptly.
It was too sad to keep seeing them.
He got off the bench and left them alone, leaving a nod quietly.
He went outside, went through the premises, returned to the parking lot where DELTA was and took out his mobile phone.
– Hello? Oh, Mira-san. Is Arlene-san there? I’d like to ask her something──
Before long, Arlene, who replaced Mira, picked up the telephone receiver.
And talked a little.
『How long you’ll remain a busybody?』
Even though Arlene was amazed, she kindly gave him advice.

Epilogue

It was past 3:00 pm on the twelfth day since Moroha came to America.
When he was alone in the dining room of New York main office, having Mira's homemade palatschinken* as a snack,
*TN: palatschinken is the furigana reading for rolled crepe.
– Moroha――!
Sophia, who came back from training, came running while panting.
– Welcome ba―
– I'd like you to hear something!
She sprung at him and embraced him before he got to greet her.
Moroha, who was sitting in a chair, was lightly lifted and forced to stand on his feet.
And she immediately hugged him with a physical strength that he didn't know whether it was a hug or a pro wrestling technique.
– W-what happen… ed?
Moroha, sinking in the large cleavage, asked back gaspingly.
Sophia stopped hugging him for a moment to face him,
– I… I… was appointed as a Goodwill Ambassador to Japan!
She hugged him again with all her might.
– I'd be happy if you let me hear a bit more about it. … And I'd be happy if you used a bit less strength.
This time he got time to put himself on guard, so Moroha made room to guard himself by putting his arms between them.
– I'm sorry! I was careless.
Sophia showed signs of embarrassment as she relaxed the grip on her arms.
But she kept hugging him. This hugging demon-san.
Even though Moroha twisted his face in every direction, he listened to Sophia's explanation while being tormented by the elastic bust pressed against him.
– It seems that Sir Edward contacted my boss last night.
– He didn't come up with something worthless, did he…?
– Far from it!
Sophia emphasized while forgetting to go easy on the hugging.

According to her―

Now that Lightning Empress lost her rights, Charles became submissive and Zhixin went missing, there was no unnecessary tension among the six entities making up the White Knight Organization, and there were no confrontations between them either.

If that was the case, why not take this chance and strive to make the organizations closer with one another?
Specifically, why not dispatch Goodwill Ambassadors between organizations?
Edward proposed and each country agreed without having to hold a Six Heads meeting; it was approved without resistance.

– That’s why the American Division also hastily elected Goodwill Ambassadors to dispatch to each country. It was decided that the person in charge of Japan would be me who has deep knowledge of the situation.
– Congratulations… congratulations… so, please… relax the grip….
Moroha celebrated as he suffocated in the voluptuous cleavage.
– Thank you, Moroha!
However, and as if she was overcome with emotion, Sophia put more strength into it.
The moment he thought 『I’m…. At my limit….』, Mira, Norma and Chiki came to the dining hall, and Sophia’s consciousness turned towards them.
Thanks to that, the hug became loose.
Moroha raised his face from the cleavage, craving for air.
On the other hand, Mira and the others said in unison.
– It’s nice to be delighted, but you are aware that it is an important role, are you not?
– If Sophie messes up in Japan, she will put us to shame. So, get on their good side satisfactorily, alright ☆ Can you do it?
– Or rather, if it was me, going back and forth between Japan and America is too tiresome, I wouldn’t do it.
Because of that, Sophia grumbled like she used to,
– I know. My head hurts just imagining how difficult it will be.
She answered, but her cheeks remained loose.
It was natural for a Goodwill Ambassador to go back and forth between two countries.
While in Japan, if she felt like it, she could meet the members of *Strikers*, and while in America, she could sit down at the dining table with her family.
Also, the more she got along with the Japanese 『Saviors』, the more it would benefit her country, it was far from being betrayal.
As far as Sophia was concerned, this position worked out exactly as she desired.
Her long and hidden suffering had been completely resolved and her smile was even more radiant today.
Moroha also patted her back,

– I’m happy for you. I really am.
– Yes! I’m sure God was looking after me who was worried!
Sophia smiled innocently.
Seeing that, Norma and Chiki made mean faces.
They talked with their eyes as if to say 『She doesn’t know anything』.
Moroha immediately made eye contact, as if to say 『It’s a secret!』.
Mira exchanged looks with him and said 『We know』, poked Norma and Chiki repeatedly with her elbows and chided them.
Of course, the two wouldn’t do something stupid like going against the scary 『eldest daughter』.
Moroha felt relieved in Sophia’s chest.

It was yesterday when he went to the hospital with Sophia and did something separately from her for a while.
Moroha consulted Arlene over the phone.
– Normally, every country has a diplomat or an institution like an embassy, right? Doesn’t the White Knight Organization have an equivalent to that?
『You serious? The details about us are basically unknown to other branches, they’re hidden』
– I figured as much….
Moroha recalled that there was a secrete principle that said that not even videos of battle records were shown to other countries.
– But isn’t that useless? Our duty is to bring down the 『Metaphysicals』…. Isn’t it rational to cooperate and lend all sorts of stuff to each other?
『I think so too. But that’s me』
Arlene answered immediately.
He came to America, got involved with her personality, and only because he grasped it, he tried to shake it.
『But I also have the duty to protect our children. Even though they hide their ulterior motives, I have to be sorry for being the only foolishly honest ones?』
– I get what you mean.
Moroha also answered immediately.
– Getting all clingy all of a sudden is impossible, but let’s get along little by little… isn’t it okay to start working hard like that?
『You mean creating a Goodwill Ambassador System as a first step?』
– No, well, it’s a childish suggestion. Look, I may be a kid, but I’m at the age where if I’m struck with an idea, I proudly advocate it, or rather, being unable to read the situation——
『How long you’ll remain a busybody?』
Arlene said, sounding amazed.
『In short, are you saying that you’re pulling that and Sophie for our sake?』
– No, I haven’t thought anything exaggerated like that. Come on.
『The guys who began to say things like making a Goodwill Ambassador System and exaggerated things say that often, you know? But I think it’s

hard. Particularly Charles and Andou, those narrow-minded guys will make it difficult」
– M-maybe the influence of Arlene-san can do something about them…
「I'm not boasting, but someone like me doesn't have right to speak」
– Then do we cajole Edward and make him climb the tree?
「Now you say something scary without hesitation」
Arlene was utterly amazed again.
But,
「Well, whatever. I'll propose it」
– Thank you.
「However, I'll tell everyone that the first person to suggest it was *Moroha*-kun, alright?」
– Yes! I take responsibility for what I say.
The conversation turned out that way, and after visiting Mellein, he returned to the main office with Sophia.
Moroha stealthily headed to the workshop.
As Arlene was at the usual place, stirring the cauldron without showing battle fatigue,
– About that matter, it was settled quickly.
She reported to herself, looking glad.
– It was quick.
– Yeah, I'm surprised as well.
Arlene told without stopping her working hands.
– Edward gave an immediate OK. *Something*-chan, who became the Deputy Division Head in Russia, said 「Are you telling us that Moroha-han is asking for a favor? Is that correct?」. That child's English accent sure is interesting. Diegua said 「If you send someone that can be used instead of Zhixin, I'll be delighted to have them」. That guy has the intention of making the ambassador work hard. Charles began to say distrustful things like 「What are you scheming?」, but when I told him it was *Moroha*-kun's idea, he said 「That cheeky brat is going to order us? Since when we became seven subordinates? I have no memory of――」 then he annoyed me by making me hear snide comments about *Moroha*-kun for about an hour, but in the end, I hung up without antagonizing him. That guy is really bothersome. And, since five people agreed, I feel that Andou reluctantly agreed too.
– I'm sorry for foisting a difficult role on you. … Thank you.
But he was really glad.
It wasn't just for the sake of Sophia and the others at all.
He wanted to get people form other branches to take a closer look at how the American Division was inside.
There were no upper and lower borders.
Each person had a strong connection like a family.
Yet they weren't restrictive but rather altruistic to the outside of the Division.

He wanted them to know the American Division and absorb its essential parts if they had any.
– My pleasure, *Moroha*-kun.
As he indulged in his thoughts, Arlene replied happily.
– Bu there's no match for your meddlesomeness.
She stopped her working hands and cackled.
Her face seen from the side was very striking to Moroha.

──For that reason, Sophia didn't need to know anything else.
If she was pleased, Moroha was happy.
If she came and stayed at Akane Academy after graduation, Satsuki should be happy too.
As Sophia kept hugging Moroha,
– I have bad news too. It has been decided that I'll receive a special induction course so that I can be a worthy Goodwill Ambassador. I'll probably return to Akane Academy before the graduation ceremony.
– There's nothing we can do….
– That's why I want Moroha to bring home souvenirs to Satsuki and the others on my behalf.
– Understood. I'll take care of it.
– Let's go shopping later.
When Sophia brought up so cheerfully,
– Oh, then I'll go with you too ☆.
– I'll make you let me go with you too. I couldn't have a good time with my mate after all.
– Yes, let's go together, shall we?
Moroha did not object.
Wondering where to go, Sophia, Norma and Chiki put their heads together, and Mira regretted it, saying 「If I didn't have any paperwork….」 and Moroha ate up the rest of the sweets before going out.
As he did so──
– Oh yeah. I'm home!
A rude voice echoed in the dining room, and Mellein showed up.
– Lei!?
– Well. What happened to the hospitalization for tests?
Sophia raised a hysteric voice and Mira frowned.
– But I underwent them. The doctor said 「I've been a doctor for 40 years, it's the first time I see a healthy body like yours」 and sent me home. If you think it's a lie, try confirming it.
Mellein proudly tried to show her large biceps.
The expression that Sophia and the others showed on their faces was no other than a wry smile.
However, Mellein ignored the atmosphere and came around Moroha.
– Yo, you're Moroha, right? Thanks to you, I was saved. I'm sorry that I couldn't thank you yesterday.

Moroha put down the fork, stood up and shook hands with her.
Mellein was very tall, she was 185 cm (6’0) tall, so he answered while looking up a little.
– I did nothing too great. It was the tenacity of Sophie-senpai and everyone that saved Mellein-san.
– Call me Lei. You can address me without using suffixes.
– Well then, Lei. Congratulations on your discharge from the hospital.
– Thanks. And, let me thank you for saving me.
– Eh? Right. By all means—
As soon as Moroha said so, Mellein took a bold move.
His lips were blocked by her lips.
In English, it was called a KISS.
Due to the height difference, it was a high-speed kiss that Mellein could do just by bending forward all of a sudden.
(They’re **sisters** who are similar even in things like this!?)
He was on the verge of panicking in his mind.
No, it’s probably a non-serious gratitude, a lighthearted greeting. The candidness of the Westerners.
He thought so and tried to calm his heart.
He waited for Mellein to separate her lips.
Then her tongue came in!
Far from separating, she violated his oral cavity.
– Hmmmmmmmmm…!
Moroha tried to escape, but he was tightly held by her huge body, he couldn’t escape.
Meanwhile, Mellein’s tongue played with him as much as she liked.
Moroha froze, the hair on his back stood on end like a cat.
Having enjoyed the sticky French kiss amply, Mellein finally released him.
– Thank you for the meal. It tasted like Mira’s cream.
Mellein said with a smiling face.
– NOOOOOOO! Where do you think you’re thanking him!? Lei is just enjoying herself!
– Oh, I see. Sorry, Moroha.
Mellein tapped Moroha’s shoulder who was still solidified.
– Jeez. Lei is too free. Let’s go out, Moroha. You can’t be together with this wolf.
Sophia pulled his right hand and Moroha came to his senses.
– What? If you’re going out, take me with you!
However, Mellein grabbed his left hand.
– I’ll thank you this time, Moroha. Have an adult date with me hihihi.
– That’s cunning from your side, Lei. I was the first to claim him ☆.
Moreover, when Chiki clung to his back, things became complicated.
– But I exchanged saliva with him first hihihi.
– This person is an old man inside, right?
She got Moroha let out a grumble.

– Hahaa, you're quite popular, mate.
– Please don't laugh and help me, Norma-san.
(No, keep going. All for the American Division)
– Please don't incite them by winking and help me, Mira-san.
– If you go out, buy souvenirs.
– When did you arrive, Arlene-san?
And you also abandoned me, huh….
When Moroha dropped his shoulders,
– I'd like everyone not to say just unreasonable things! Moroha has left a lot of cute girls in Japan!
Sophia strongly entwined her arms around Moroha's arm.
As if to say "I'll protect you".
– It's okay, it's said that there's always room for love, no?
Mellein strongly entwined her arms around Moroha's arm.
As if to say "I'm not handing him over".
In this situation where two women who were much bigger than Moroha held onto his arms, and 10 seconds before he was pulled from both sides….
The image of 「Women's clothing being ripped in half at a bargain sale」 came to his mind.
Moroha turned pale,
– Let's go shopping together peacefully! Okay!?
He shouted while being driven by his survival instinct.
– Tch. I have no choice but to go with everyone, huh.
– If Moroha-kun says it, it can't be helped ☆.
– If Moroha-kun is okay with it, then I have nothing to say.
Sophia and Mellein happily pulled him and Chiki pushed him from behind.
Moroha gave up and went along without resistance.
And dropped his shoulders downheartedly.
But—
– Take care. Zircon or titanium are good souvenirs.
Arlene said so, relying on Sophia,
– If it's a crepe or a cake, we'll buy it and come home.
Sophia winked at Arlene.
Seeing them being completely free from their cares, she was so happy that she didn't care about the minor details.
Haruka was running up the slope of hell leading to the school.
– This is bad, really, really bad….
She was in a hurry. The lunch break was almost over, the afternoon practice was about to begin.
Immediately behind her, her closest classmate was running in the same way.
When lunch break started, she suddenly said 「Do you want to eat gyudon at Inada Shop?」, Tempting her. While it was okay to eat outside the school, it was crowded with office workers, particularly today. resulting in this return.
– We'll take a shortcut.

Haruka called out to her friend and wore a sapphire blue *prana* all over her body.
She rushed out of the hill road and ran up the nearly vertical cliff paved with concrete.
It was a route that could no longer be called a road, let alone a bad road, but when climbing it, they would be right behind the auditorium, and the locker room they were heading for was right there.
She used 「Mongyoku」, the way of walking of the Shinsen that turned any place into foothold, and leapt into the air.
– Wait, Momochi! You're too fast.
Her friend copied her, but she did't use 「Godlike Movement」 as brilliantly as Haruka, she was slow.
– Hmm, you aren't practicing enough?
Without reservation, Haruka proudly looked over her shoulders.
Her eyes blinked.
Her close friend was ascending with 「Mongyoku」 laboriously──and behind her.
She saw someone running up the vertical cliff using「Mongyoku」.
It was an unknown white man wearing a sky-blue *prana*.
He held the cowboy hat with one hand, and two swords were hanging on his hips.
In the blink of an eye, he overtook her close friend, **overtook Haruka** and went ahead.
Being beaten at her own game, Haruka got serious and went after him, saying 「You bastard!」 but she didn't catch up with him.
The man climbed up first and Haruka arrived at the back of the auditorium a little later.
The man, who turned around while holding his cowboy hat,
「You're fast, young lady. Like I thought, is it safe to say that you're a member of *Strikers*?」
The smile he showed on his face, despite being friendly──was unsettling.
A scary facial expression that unconsciously made her ascertain the ID Tag in her breast pocket.
「I'm Leonard van Percy. One wing of the Six Wings」
The man introduced himself and suddenly put his left hand on the handle of one sword.
Haruka already pulled out the ID Tag.
Moroha went to America, and he was still there.
A line of sweat ran down her forehead.
「Unfortunately, I've run out of business cards. So, look carefully, alright?」
Leonard slowly drew the sword while laughing.
That made Haruka be startled.
Leonard's sword, from the base to the tip, had no sword blade.
It was a fantastic and immaterial sword.

What is he going to do with that? Leonard readied his left hand, holding it up high.
The next moment—flames jetted out from the base, acting as a sword blade.
It didn't end there.
Leonard poured sky-blue *prana* into it, mixing it together with the crimson flames, releasing a heavy pressure.
(That's… the same as Moroha's taiji…*)
*TN: Yin Yang seems to come from taiji.
In front of the astonished Haruka, Leonard waved his left hand while wearing the same unsettling smile.
Only one stroke of the sword. Exactly like a flash sword.
With that alone, the auditorium with a big mass of thousands of tons was blown off to atoms.
The eardrums of Haruka went numb with the roaring sound of the explosion.
She couldn't help but think.
When Moroha brought down the nine-headed serpent along with the shopping mall, the astonishment and the shivers of Satsuki and Shizuno who saw that up close are the same as this terror, I wonder?

Credits

Translation Group : Taekan translation

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